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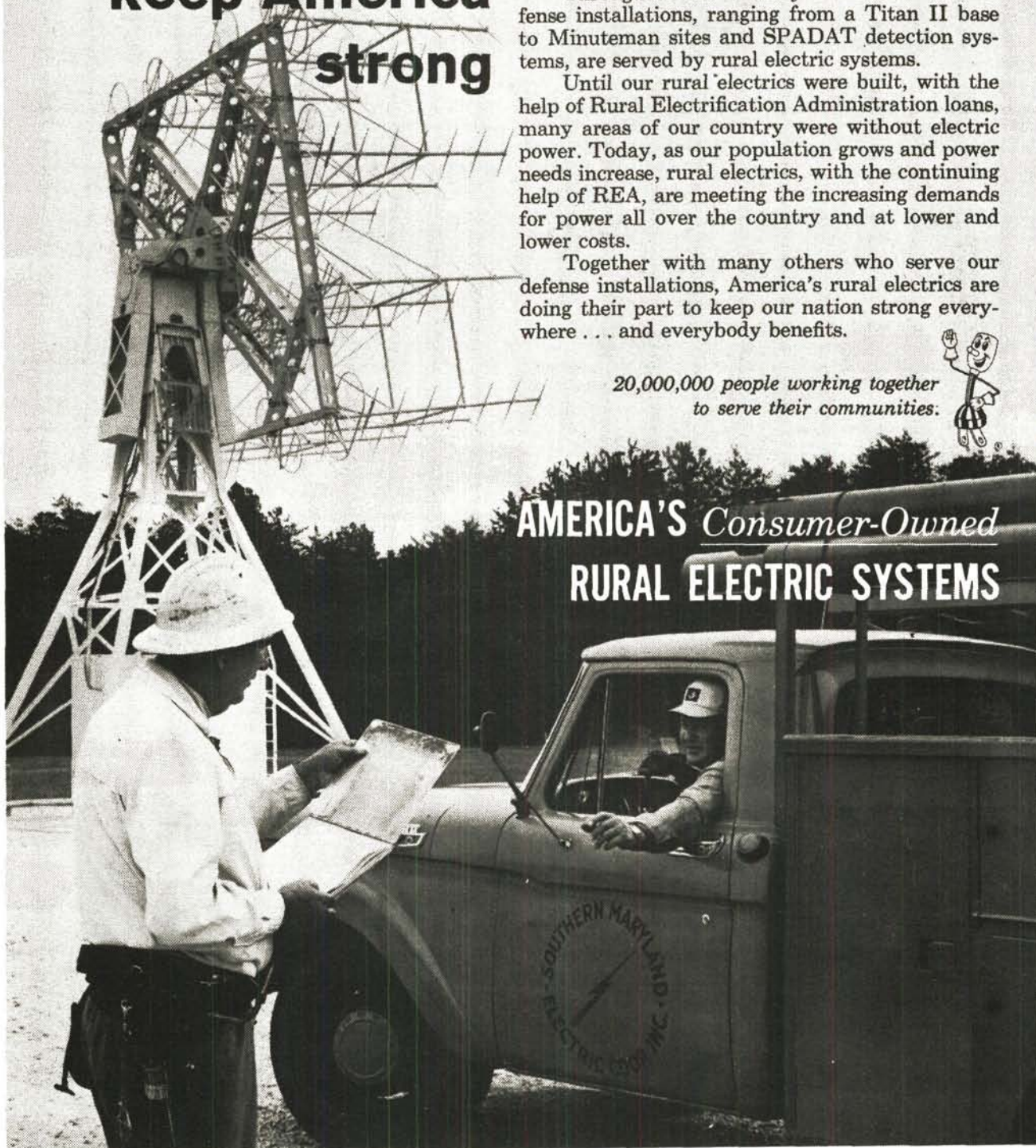
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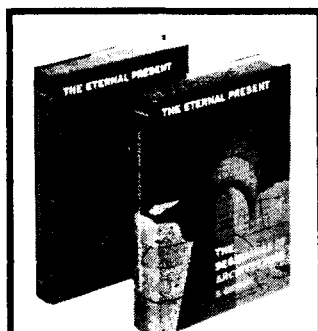


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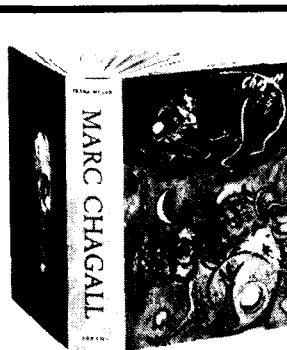
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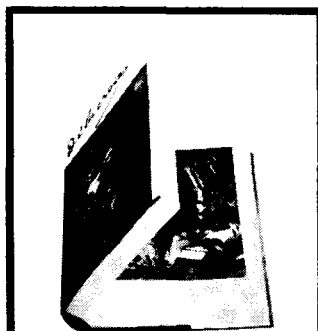
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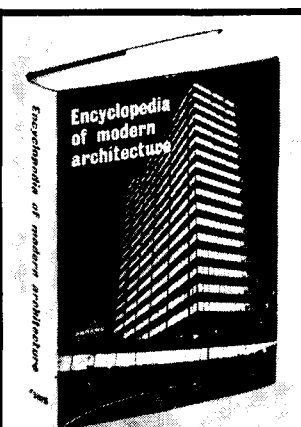
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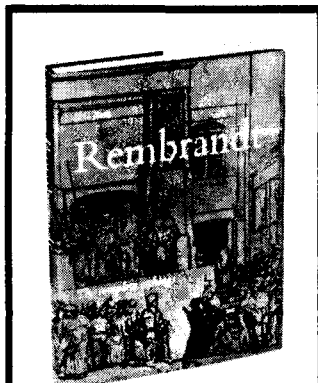
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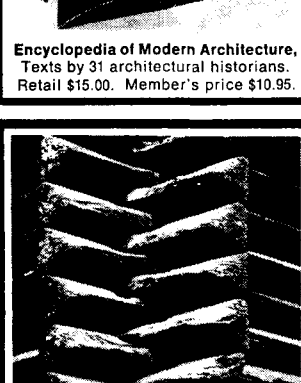
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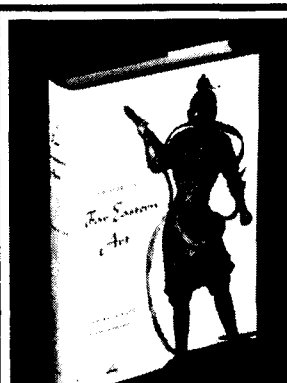
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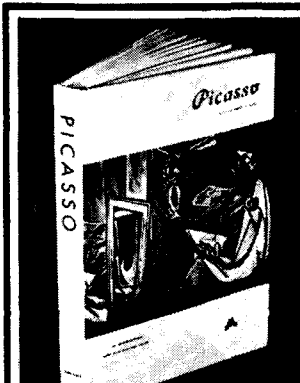
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Churchill and Roosevelt

★ Out of the mild winter sky the circling plane picked up the silver moonlight on the Potomac and the lights of twinkling Christmas trees. It roared in to a landing and down the gangway came Winston Churchill, wearing a yachting cap, just 17 days after Pearl Harbor.

This was the man who had said "we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds" and who added that the struggle would go on, until "in God's good time, the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the old." Well, it was God's time, and here he was.

Next day we saw the two together at a press conference in the Oval Room; never to be forgotten. We were proud of our President. Business hated him, of course, but what of that? Over the heads of 200 reporters we could see the big-featured, mobile face with the familiar projecting chin, the show of teeth in the smile known to every caricaturist, the uptilted cigarette holder, the strong profile.

He lacked something of his customary ebullience, or at least moderated it a bit to turn matters over to his guest, evidently intent on showing him a sample of the unique White House press conference where FDR played his part with superb skill, the only equivalent in America to the House of Commons questioning. A wrapped Christmas parcel lay in the metal correspondence basket before him.

The rather short, pudgy figure sat impassive beside him, his clothing spruce and formal – a cocky little polka-dot tie, a black coat and striped

trousers – watching the performance while all watched him. Here was the man – all English, half American – who was forging the common tongue into the greatest weapons of the war; who was to say "this was their finest hour," coin the phrase "Iron Curtain," and declare, "It was the nation and the race dwelling around the globe that had the lion's heart. I had the luck to be called upon to give the roar."

This lay ahead, much of it, but here he sat now, at 67, his striking face an odd blend of cherub and bulldog; the jammed reporters soaking it in – this famous figure now seen by many for the first time; the ruddy cheeks, the rather plump profile that seemed to come off a Toby jug or out of Dickens, the chin almost resting on chest and seemingly without any neck at all.

"Is he there – where is he?" said those still arriving. "All in!" shouted the guard. After eight minutes of questions FDR, with a grin, turned the meeting over to Mr. Churchill. A light clapping began. Cries came from the back that they couldn't see. FDR, smiling, asked if he would stand. Mr. Churchill stood up.

The clapping grew and a cheer rose. Reporters were hardboiled, but these were grim times. Suddenly the conflict, seen afar, had stretched out a hand and grabbed us in. We quivered with shock; but here was FDR with his imperturbable cigarette holder, raised like a pennon, and here now was a bulldog, or a lion, or whatever you wanted to call him.

With a laugh, Churchill climbed onto his chair. He was transformed; his heavy, rather pudgy face broke into a smile. He raised his hands, his fingers formed a "V." He was dynamic; his slouched figure towered. The cheer grew into a great shout.

The Basic Johnson

★ As Churchill sank last week, Johnson was inaugurated. Where does the President rank in this great panoply of history? It is too early to say. Perhaps it takes a war to prove a man. His Inaugural address was a sermon, with Biblical phrases and cadence. It was moving in parts but it did not set men on fire; it told nothing of strategy or plans. President Johnson lacks char-

isma; he omits something of magnetism.

And yet, when all is said and done, and all proper reservations made, President Johnson has a basic feeling which is noble in concept and which he comes back to again and again: that it is wrong to see poverty in the midst of plenty, ignorance and discrimination and illness amid affluence.

This is "the Enemy," he said simply; "for thirty years or more, with the resources I had, I have fought against it. . . . Before this generation of Americans is finished, this Enemy will not only retreat – it will be conquered."

Our 36th President may not, perhaps, rank among the most beloved leaders; but he may well, I think, rank among the greats.

Republican Hangover

★ The Republicans are headed back toward moderation; Chairman Dean Burch has agreed to go, and so, many people assume, the GOP is out of the woods. We don't think so at all.

When a great party accepts an extremist like Goldwater the evils keep flowing in, long after the initial catastrophe is over. Goldwater rejected compromise at the convention in the rules, the platform, the acceptance speech, and the running mate. He made his appeal to the frustrated in America, to nostalgia and alienation. He excluded liberals and moderates and unionists, and among others the growing Negro vote. Goldwater and Burch are gone, but how about Strom Thurmond and the Southern racist Republicans whom he left?

Goldwater represented the conservative wing of the Republicans. Contrasted to them is the broader "national" wing, represented by the GOP governors' conference recently held at Denver. The latter propose to set up a nationally based, big name conference for party leadership. To head this off, foxy Senator Dirksen proposes a 22-man "coordinating committee" of which half would be Congressmen and only five governors. The Congressional party would have the veto.

Much depends now, on whether the National Committee accepts the broader guidance of the governors, or goes back to the parochial conservatism of Senator Dirksen.

CONTENTS

THE WEEK – On the Side of Change,
 Closing the Hunger Gap,
 Winston Churchill 5

The Splintering of Africa
 – Russell Warren Howe 9
 Mississippi Comes North to Harlem
 – Jonathan Steele 10
 Edging Away from Capital Punishment
 – Susanna McBee 11
 I've Got a Secret – James Deakin 13
 That Super-Quiet, Squishy Ride
 – James Ridgeway 15
 After High School
 – Thomas E. O'Connell 17

BOOKS – Reviews by Stanley Kauffmann,
 Alexander Welsh, Joseph Epstein 22
 ART by Frank Getlein 28
 RECORDS by B. H. Haggin 30
 THEATER by Robert Brustein 32
 CORRESPONDENCE 35

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On the Side of Change

The world eavesdrops on a State of the Union message but an Inaugural speech is addressed to the world not to Americans alone. Doubtless for this reason, President Johnson preferred talking about the eternal verities to discussing policies, and used Mars rather than Pedernales as his geographical point of reference. The result was a sermon rather than a political testament and, as is usually the case with modern sermons, one with which it is hard for a Republican or even a reasonably up-to-date Communist to quarrel. Who dares publicly to oppose justice, liberty and union? The trouble with a clergyman's sermon is that the congregation rarely leave the church and proceed forthwith to lead drastically altered lives; the trouble with a politician's is that very few believe that he really wants them to. In Mr. Johnson's case, the problem is a little different. His religious overtones are probably perfectly sincere but they do not change the fact that he is an unbeliever in absolutes, a highly pragmatic and extremely crafty doer. It will be a great error if people either at home or abroad are lulled by his sermonizing into believing that he would sacrifice all for love or that all he wants is the lowest common denominator of agreement. The President has a very considerable talent for finding areas of agreement in the most unlikely places and then proceeding to build upon them. He is conscious that this is his great talent and he can be depended on to make the fullest use of it. But, being the sort of man he is, he can also be depended on to know that his position, at home and abroad, is now very strong. And he will make the fullest use of that strength also. That is why the next four years should be fairly exciting ones.

When Mr. Johnson speaks of vast, swift changes impending, he speaks with enthusiasm. In that sense anyhow, the sense of being on the side of experiment, of being excited by new possibilities, the President is a Renaissance man. At home, the changes are certainly not going to be plain sailing. In his Inaugural address Mr. Johnson made them sound a bit soporific, presumably because he wanted the liberty bell to give forth only mellow tones on a ceremonial occasion. In fact, every time the bell is struck it is going to sound fierce or harsh to many ears, as it always has done. Nothing is won without someone's sacrifice; outside heaven (and even in heaven there was Lucifer) no consensus is achieved about important things without struggle. On earth, where Lucifers are rare but where stubborn men abound, strife normally precedes consensus. When what has to be

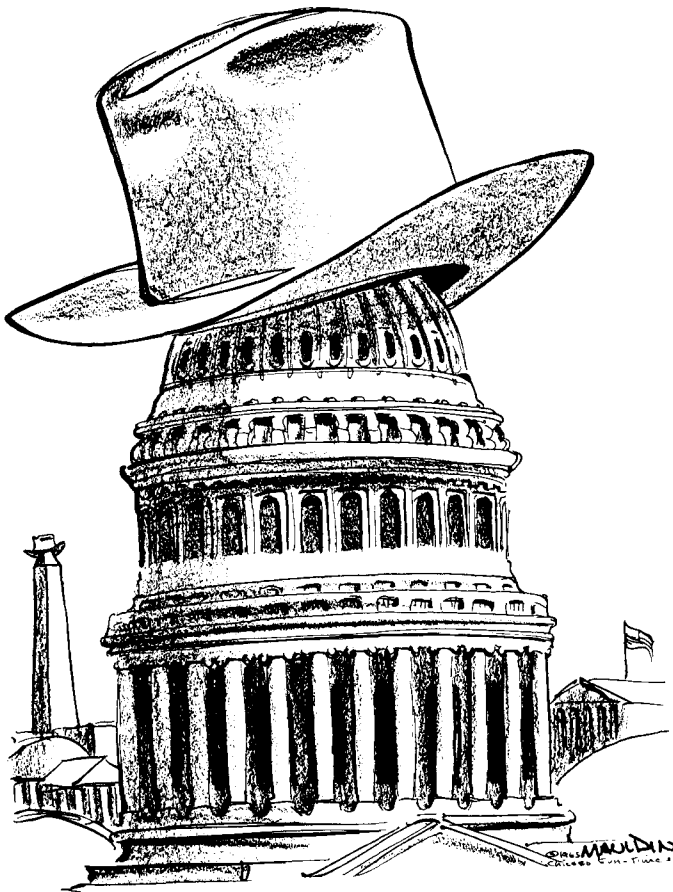
surrendered is a prejudice that is worse than useless to the person it possesses, the strife is usually all the greater. In the weeks and months ahead, President Johnson's Administration is probably going to find itself at odds with a lot of influential people about three main issues. Race antagonism will not go away because the civil rights legislation is passed. The law now has to be implemented, and what was happening last week in Alabama even as the President was speaking suggests that the federal government will have to keep up the pressure. Fortunately it is likely to have at least the tacit support of growing numbers of Southerners and the continuing struggle need leave no enduring scar. Nevertheless from time to time the Johnson Administration may have to get tough, for instance by laying down federal definitions of voting qualifications. On fiscal and monetary matters, the President may not find it always possible to achieve a seeming consensus by pretending to keep down spending through the device of a low-level budget. Here again there has fortunately been change in the right direction among many businessmen, more and more of whom are Keynesians now. But there are still dug-outs and redoubts of non-comprehension that will fire on the Great Society from the rear. They may amount

only to a nuisance, or they may threaten to involve an Administration, busy fighting poverty, in a war on two fronts. Looming in Mr. Johnson's domestic foreground is probably a decision about steel, which having put up its prices naturally now faces demands for more wages. The pace-setting auto makers might have forestalled a similar demand and kept matters within the Administration's price-wage guidelines by lowering car prices. They didn't. Cost inflation is no proper part of Keynesian economics of fuller employment and in steel the President may find himself having to intervene without having a consensus.

But in dealing with such problems Mr. Johnson has the strength of a thumping majority, and abroad his hand is scarcely less strong, though for different reasons. European allies who were saying a little while ago that he was pushing them too hard and fast toward a nuclear consensus now grumble that by relaxing the pressure he has abdicated world leadership. This is wholly untrue. The President may fail to persuade the British, French and Germans on the one hand and the Russians on the other to sit down and reason together, but, just as he promised in his Inaugural speech, here as elsewhere he is sure to keep trying, and quite likely he has the strength to prevail. It is, however, true that foreign policy is still largely his unexplored frontier; and in his foreign foreground the looming problem is Vietnam, though he did not name it in his Inaugural sermon. Doing so might have recalled Job rather than Solomon.

Closing the Hunger Gap

At the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Dinner in New York last year President Johnson said he would "propose steps to use the food and agricultural skills of the entire West in a joint effort to eliminate hunger and starvation." Substantial help has already been given the two-thirds of mankind who suffer from malnutrition. Under the US Food For Peace program alone, surplus foods worth \$13 billion have been sent abroad in the past decade. Nevertheless, a Department of Agriculture study of projected world food supply, published last October and called *World Food Budget, 1970*, estimated that the non-Communist food deficit at the end of the decade will come to about \$2.6 billion a year. "Compared to our own productive capacity," says Vice President Humphrey, "this gap becomes relatively modest." For example, the US sells more than \$6 billion in farm exports annually; the food deficit of 1970 will be less than half this figure. It would be possible for American agriculture alone to meet the deficit, if the one-fourth of our agricultural capacity that now lies idle were put to use. But for



Johnson City

that to come about, some modification of the Food For Peace law would be required. "We can't just depend," Vice President Humphrey points out, "on accidental surpluses. What kind of military assistance program do you think we'd have if we just depended on what we had left over, as compared to what we really need? There wouldn't be any NATO; there wouldn't be any free world today, if we just depended upon the old guns that we had left over."

Secretary of Agriculture Freeman says the same. "The production of food in this country for use in alleviating the immediate food deficit," he said last November, "must be geared to need. This means guiding our productive resources into providing what's needed instead of adjusting our distribution to what's left over in the storage bins." Secretary Freeman wants to use non-surplus crops for shipment abroad to developing countries. This "non-surplus" principle has been endorsed by the National Agricultural Advisory Commission, a 25-member citizen group appointed by the President. Current legislation limits Food For Peace to surplus commodities – primarily wheat, corn and other grains; consequently the program is lacking in high protein foods.

There is need too for greater continuity in the Food For Peace program. Child-feeding programs have on occasion been abruptly curtailed because of limited US supplies. As a result of heavy European demand, our dairy surplus, which only a year ago provided major storage headaches, has been virtually eliminated. This stop-and-go performance could be improved with longer-range planning. Food For Peace director Richard Reuter believes that, "It is better for the health of a child not to provide milk at all rather than to stimulate a growth habit which may suddenly be disrupted. Food supplies cannot be turned on and off like the spigot on the sink. We must look at this problem in the long run, so that those countries we are trying to help – and who must make a considerable investment of their own in such programs – can plan ahead." Congressional authorization to guarantee multi-year commitments is called for, as is some legislative authorization to enrich and fortify donated milk and cereals.

But the US food contribution should be only part of a campaign "to overcome hunger." Developing nations need more than relief; they have to become more nearly self-supporting in agriculture. The amount of food wasted in many countries every year – due to rodents, insects, fungi, lack of adequate storage and of marketing facilities – is many times greater than the food deficit. Good processing and packaging could make a major difference. Even so, food production per capita in these deficit areas is expected to increase only by about one-third of one percent a year, at best. This accounts for only a third of the anticipated 10 percent

The Chinese Attitude

Most of the recent official statements on "eliminating hunger" add the phrase "in the free world." Communist Asia, by far the globe's largest food deficit area, is not included. A few years back, when there were reports of famine on the mainland, President Kennedy did suggest that the US might help, if asked by the Chinese. The request never came. In the meantime, Chinese food production has been on the upswing. The Department of Agriculture reports that the 1965 outlook for crops in mainland China is better than for any year since the Great Leap Forward in 1958. There has been an accompanying campaign by Peking to discredit US food donations. "The realities of international life," a recent issue of *The Peking Review* said, "have proved the Food For Peace program to be an imperialist instrument of plunder and aggression." In the words of Mao Tse-tung, "He who swallows food handed out in contempt will get a bellyache."

increase in per capita consumption during the sixties. How is the gap to be closed? By doubling or even tripling crop yields through the use of more fertilizer, better seed varieties, more irrigation and more pesticides, crop rotation and erosion control. (With such practices, Japan's wheat yield per acre is 2,450 pounds; India's, in general without them, is 760 pounds per acre.) Here, as Mr. Johnson said in his foreign aid message to Congress, "we, in the United States, are uniquely equipped to . . . mount a more comprehensive program of technical assistance in agriculture."

A parallel concern is population growth. Impressive agricultural advances made in many countries in recent years have barely been able to keep pace with it, and by 1975 there will be a billion more people, an increase equal to the entire world population 60 years ago. Here too there is hope of a more enlightened US policy. We will, Mr. Johnson has promised, "seek new ways to use our knowledge to help deal with the explosion in world population."

An expanded Food For Peace program can be defended on more narrow grounds than humanitarianism. Donated food creates dollar markets; agricultural exports rise in direct proportion to the general economic growth of the developing countries. A per capita income of \$100 a year in the less developed countries would double US food exports for cash. "Our experience to date," writes former Food For Peace director Senator McGovern, "leaves no doubt that as we assist the development of other countries, they will be able to purchase larger quantities of food from us through normal commercial channels."

Winston Churchill

To write of Sir Winston Churchill is to find ourselves engaged in a grand tour of the human personality. He was more than a statesman and politician. He was more than a writer (he was not a great stylist). He was more than a man of action. He was all these and yet something larger. His career was Walter Mitty's dream come true. He had the actor's flair for dramatizing himself: that rich havana – how perfectly it expressed his exuberant personality. Then there was the thick stumbling voice, the outrageous mispronunciations – “Naahzee,” “jestapo.” He flaunted himself before us without as much as a fig leaf of concealment. We came to know, or thought we knew, every nook and cranny of his mind.

There is a sense too in which he was the hero of every woman's magazine – the schoolboy who did poorly in examinations, later the brilliant rejected man who nevertheless made good on the last page. In his raw young days he wrote a novel in which he put down his hopes and ambitions. He wanted to be happily married – and he was. He wanted to play a great dramatic role in history – and he did. Indeed providence added something more to his immense fortune, something that did not even occur to the young Churchill when he was so ardently planning out his life – universal esteem. He neither asked nor gave quarter; he made bitter enemies; for years he was a controversial figure. But when Conservatives and Socialists met in the Great Hall at Westminster to give him a portrait of himself – a portrait that they had all clubbed together to commission – and the old warrior, pink in the face from pleasurable emotion, passed slowly through this famous meeting-place, friends and ancient foes rose, united in a common attitude of affection and homage. He had moved so far that he was beyond the range of party spite and prejudice.

His last years could not have been happier or more peaceful. He was to be observed quietly feeding his goldfish. He wrote. He painted. He relaxed among friends or in the sunshine of the South of France. Occasionally, he went down to the House of Commons and would listen attentively to the debate. Now and again he would ask a rising young man to his private room, and then, rolling the great cigar round the ever cherubic lips, he would discourse on the nature of politics, the endless adventure of life.

What manner of man was this and what will future generations say and think about him? To make it easier, we might ask ourselves what we should have said about Churchill had he died in 1939. We should have written him off as a picturesque failure. He then was not only out of favor with his own party; despite his opposition to Hitler, he seemed a man without

prospects, curiously out-of-date. To concentrate on this phase of his career is to stumble upon a disconcerting contradiction. Churchill led his country – and led it triumphantly – in the cruelest war of modern times and yet he himself was sometimes out of step with his age and did not always understand it. “Ah,” he once said to Leo Amery, a friend of many years standing, “the issues that confront us today seem almost insignificant when compared with the Victorian controversies of our youth.” It is an extraordinarily revealing statement because it brings out that, in a sense, Churchill belonged more to the 19th than to the 20th Century. His romantic nature, his experiences in the dashing but pygmy wars that preceded the first Armageddon of 1914, his painter's eye often led him to view life as one long Shakespearean drama.

His instinct in a crisis was to send a gunboat: he saw the thin red lines of the Brigade of Guards advancing fearlessly toward an uncouth and savage enemy. “The minds of this generation,” he once wrote, “exhausted, brutalized, mutilated and bored by War, may not understand the delicious yet tremulous sensations with which a young British officer bred in the long peace approached for the first time an actual theater of operations.” It was not Churchill but the apparently unimaginative Attlee who not only gave India her freedom but performed the miracle of keeping her within the Commonwealth. Had Churchill had his way, the British might well have been bogged down in an earlier and a greater Algeria.

The truth about Churchill is that he was first and last a great war leader; he might have been born for that one purpose. And here it is difficult to feel anything but impatience with the criticisms that have been made of him by some of his generals. For instance, Alanbrooke, his chief adviser, slyly gives the impression that Churchill was an unmitigated nuisance, always interfering with his commanders in the field, forever suggesting adventures that were impractical and would infallibly have ended in disaster.

These attacks, all the more deadly because they are dressed up in spurious words of admiration, should merely confirm the suspicion that the generals have far too vague an idea of the role of the civilian power in wartime. The duty of a Prime Minister or a President is to interfere and to guide; if Lloyd George in the First World War had been as successful as Churchill was in the Second, the dreadful slaughters of Flanders might have been escaped. The civilians, in fact, must always be prepared to challenge the hidebound ideas of the military and force them to prove their assumptions. Had Churchill behaved as Hitler did, had he recklessly overruled his generals, there would indeed be a case against him. But this is precisely what he never did. He explored every possibility, however

far-fetched, and then asked the military to prove that his proposals were wrong.

None of us can scientifically measure the effect of human personality on events: the Marxists would say little or none, the rest of us would give varying estimates. What we can say is that if ever a democratic leader gave history a push, that man was Winston Churchill. To the young, he said, "Raise the glorious flags again, advance them upon the new enemies, who

constantly gather upon the front of the human army, and have only to be assaulted to be overthrown. Don't take No for an answer. Never submit to failure. Do not be fobbed off with mere personal success or acceptance. You will make all kinds of mistakes; but as long as you are generous and true, and also fierce, you cannot hurt the world or even seriously distress her. She was made to be wooed and won by youth. She has lived and thrived only by repeated subjugations."

DIVISION IS THE DOMINANT FORCE AT THE MOMENT

The Splintering of Africa

Dakar

Political disagreement in Africa has historically been resolved not by creating two or more political parties, but by the minority seceding. If for instance modern America were traditional West Africa, Lyndon Johnson would still be Washingtonene, but Barry Goldwater would be enstooled at Biloxi or Birmingham as paramount chief of a smaller fief.

The three great colonizers in Africa, the Turks, the British and the French, attempted with some success to compress a continent three times the size of Europe, with over 2,000 languages and dialects, into about 50, mostly large, countries and three main language areas - Arabic, English and French. The task was monumental, and some of the early attempts by the colonial powers to impose what we should today call a pan-African approach had to be modified. Vast French West Africa, originally administered as five colonies, had to be redivided into eight. Nigeria, ruled as a unitary state, had to be made a three-state federation at the onset of self-government. Now, though Oxford, the Sorbonne and Mecca have left their unifying marks, the internal pressures for tribal self-government are enormous, and the proposed revival of African tongues for official purposes threatens to shatter the present pattern of three main languages and three minor ones (Portuguese, Spanish and Italian).

Every attempt at unification between two or more African countries in recent years has been a failure. The Mali Federation (Mali and Senegal) lasted six weeks; the Guinea-Ghana-Mali Union never got off the drawing board; the United Arab Republic was built and knocked down twice in five years; the Belgian trusteeship territory of Ruanda-Urundi became separate Burundi and Rwanda at the inception of self-gov-

ernment, even before independence; the Central African Federation broke up, largely because African leaders in the three countries concerned were unwilling to accept a single leadership; plans for an East African Federation tripped on the same hurdle. Southern Cameroons' link with Kamerun has been a bitter flop. Even the union of British and Italian Somalia, the most logical piece of pan-Africanism in recent times, was achieved only because Britain made it a condition of British Somaliland's independence: it has been so unsuccessful that the country's prime minister dare not visit most of the English-speaking regions within his bailiwick.

The Sudan has now agreed to replace its unitary system by federation, to put off the demand for a separate state in the Negro South of this Arab-ruled country. The emperor of Ethiopia opposes frontier revision for fear that, if Ethiopian Somalis are allowed to join Somalia, first Eritrea and then other parts of his empire will seek to break away. The government of Mali has "put down" a rising of most of the country's 750,000 nomadic Twareg, but it seems unlikely that, in the foreseeable future, the desert will ever be really submissive to Bamako again. In Chad, the Muslim North is sharply divided against the pagan South.

In Algeria, the Arab government faces violent irredentism from the Kabyls and other Berbers. Morocco's Berber South is scarcely less disaffected from Rabat, and awaits its moment. Libya is an artificial kingdom that faces an uncertain future: it was precariously preserved by the convention of twin capitals (in Tripolitania and Cyrenaica) and by choosing a prime minister from the Fezzan (the desert South). South Africa moves toward partition, if not toward insurrec-

tion. Unity in Uganda has been maintained by making the princely ruler of Buganda (Buganda is the largest component kingdom) the President of the republic. The princely President has already refused to sign a law affecting one of his kingdom's frontiers. Three other kings and a major paramount chief are restive.

Tri-state Nigeria spawned its fourth state a year ago and is expecting again – possibly twins; but before parturition can take place, Nigeria may opt for amoebic fission, splitting into two separate Nigerias – a destiny forecast last November by President Nnamdi Azikiwe.

Perhaps the most ambitious colonial attempt to pan-Africanize a welter of principalities was Belgium's effort in the Congo. Today the Congo, under the rough disguise of "political" rebellions, is groping back to its molecular component parts.

Angola probably faces a similar future. The popular rebellion against the Portuguese is hampered by grass-roots enmity between the Bakongo North, and Southern tribes like the Kwanyama. An independent Angola will probably be rent by inter-tribal quarrels and secession movements, notably in the diamond-rich South. Next door, little Congo-Brazzaville already is shaken by similar centrifugal forces.

Nigeria illustrates well the dominant force for division in West Africa – the duel between the pagan coast and the Muslim hinterland. Islam begins at varying distances from the coast, but wherever the line is drawn it is sharply etched. If either Britain or France had had a free hand in this area, and had not been obliged to build vertical frontiers against each other, it is just possible that a fairly homogeneous "horizontal" Islamic state could have run from Dakar and Bathurst, on the upper west coast, to as far east as Lake Chad or beyond. The coast, today, would still be rent by antagonisms; but two generations of colonialism might have provided cement for a Muslim state.

History will either say that colonialism ended too soon, or that it attempted pan-Africanism before Africa was ready for it. Will life be better or worse if Africa now splits into smaller states? With 10 percent of the world's population, it already has a third of the UN seats. This disproportionate power would increase. On the domestic front, the present African pattern of tribal violence from the Mediterranean to Malawi might be reduced by satisfying some of the irredentist urges. The gulf between leaders and led might be narrower in smaller states; austerity could be more easily imposed on the leadership; corruption might be less of a problem. Small states are by no means "automatically" unviable or out of tune with the times. The model Latin American state is not Brazil, but Uruguay. The highest per capita income in Black Africa today is found on the island of Fernando Póo.

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

Mississippi Comes North to Harlem

What does a Negro youth from McComb, Mississippi, feel about Harlem? What does a Harlem youth feel about Mississippi?

Recently 37 high school students from the McComb Freedom School spent a vacation in Harlem. Most of them had never been out of Mississippi before, and the ferry trip to Staten Island gave some of them their first glimpse of salt water. Their visit was paid for by voluntary contributions collected in New York. They stayed in the Franklin Plaza on East 113th St., in a single block that houses as many people as the total Negro population of McComb.

Things got off to a fiery start. The McComb students gave a performance of their play "McComb, USA" in the Harlem YMCA. The play describes the impact of the Freedom movement on McComb. A scene in which a sheriff calls a man a "nigger" upset one Harlem student. He sprang to his feet. "You shouldn't stand for what they do to you. Turning the other cheek is a load of trash. Up here we understand who the snake is who's biting us. Every time a white man gives you something, he can take it back. If a man has his foot on my neck, I tell you that leg is coming off. We're going to change all this, man. This is night for them and morning for us." A girl from McComb answered, "You sound like a black Muslim. We're trying to rise above all that. Are you a black Muslim?"

It was clear that the boy was influenced by the Muslims, but he wouldn't admit it, even though many people in the room seemed to share his views and were shouting approval. There seemed to be an unwillingness to be identified with the Muslims, not necessarily because the Harlem students felt the Muslims in the long run might be wrong, but because they were ineffectual compared with the Mississippi movement. This came out later in the discussion. Many of the youths from Harlem had a complex about Mississippi. One of them said to me privately, "The South goes through all the violence. They had the police dogs, the fire hoses, the sit-ins, the Freedom rides, the beatings, the bombings and the murders." They felt they were at a collective disadvantage, in terms of their contribution to the civil rights movement; and some felt at a personal disadvantage. "How would I stand up to the police dogs, to the bombings and beatings? Man, these are the kids that have actually been through it."

Of course, they had no illusions about how bad conditions in Harlem were. They took the Mississippians on a tour of the area. It wasn't necessary to point

things out. "For every four little girls bombed to death in Birmingham, there are four little babies in Harlem that die of blood-poisoning from a rat-bite." But the violence in the South was different.

To the McComb students much of the Muslim talk of violence seemed empty words — "nonviolence takes more courage." The two groups went to an Elijah Muhammad restaurant, the Shebazz, on Lenox Avenue and 117th St., and heard a talk from a Muslim official. Why did he have to say "even" when proclaiming, "Elijah Muhammad is independent, he thinks independent, he even thinks independent of the white man." But that wasn't what upset them most about the restaurant. One of the Harlem students, Linda, was a renegade follower of Elijah's, now with Malcolm X. She was recognized and had to leave. "But that's like segregation. Why can't she stay? Why did Malcolm split off? Can he come here?" The speaker told us: "No, Malcolm was disobedient, he disobeyed the voice of Elijah Muhammad; if we were an army, he would suffer the death penalty." The students from McComb were incensed. "But Mr. Muhammad's like the white man, you let him do all the thinking for you; that's not democracy, if people aren't allowed to disagree." These are students from McComb speaking, young people who've been risking their lives going to the Freedom School, whose parents' homes have been blown up and fired into, whose father (in one case) was shot in the back and killed because he went down

to the courthouse to register to vote. They have a right to be heard when they give a definition of democracy.

In comparison with the students from Harlem, their genuine self-confidence and lack of bitterness are striking. They know who their enemy is, they can afford to laugh when the sheriff in the play says "nigger." His position is so wrong, and by the same token theirs is so right. In Harlem, though, things are confused. The walls of segregation are quite visible; they are even institutionalized, but their existence is not proclaimed by the white community, but more often denied. The injustices are harder to remove. In the absence of solutions or accommodation from outside, people look to solutions inside the ghetto, to the Muslims, to drugs, to violence.

The Mississippi students have an organization, have the confidence of doing something positive and getting results, however slow and infrequent they are in coming. In Harlem there is little of that. The youth are powerless, disorganized and essentially defeatist. Changes may begin to come now. This summer the Harlem students may repay the visit and go down to Mississippi as volunteers. When the suggestion was first made, one of the girls from McComb said to me, "Man, they wouldn't survive." At the end of the week she was less sure.

JONATHAN STEELE

MR. STEELE, a Yale graduate student, has worked with civil rights organizations in Mississippi and Harlem.

Edging Away from Capital Punishment

As Britain prepares to outlaw the death penalty this year and Canada seems ready to follow suit, new attempts are being made to sack the executioner here.

Among states that will be considering bills to abolish or limit capital punishment are California, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Tennessee. Kentucky, whose legislature is not in regular session this year, will be asked to take up an abolition bill next year. In the last decade more than half the states have studied measures to remove or modify the death penalty. Legislative hearings on the subject in California, which has executed 500 persons, have become as ritualistic as an execution itself. In 31 years the state's Senate and Assembly have dealt with death penalty bills 20 times. The penalty remains, but California, which used to be called bloodthirsty, has not dropped a cyanide pellet in two years.

Six years ago the American Civil Liberties Union's national board took the position that "capital punishment is not at this time a civil liberties issue, but in

particular cases the character of the punishment combined with the surrounding circumstances of the case might raise a civil liberties issue." Now the ACLU is re-examining its position and debating whether capital punishment *per se* violates constitutional guarantees of due process and against cruel punishments.

Emanuel Redfield, counsel to the New York Civil Liberties Union, contends it does not. "Argument that a greater proportion of a certain race is convicted of a capital crime does not by itself call for its abolition, for logically this argument would call equally for the abolition of any other penalty when it can be shown that a higher percentage of a certain race is punished," he says. "Nor is lack of counsel an adequate ground. Abolition of capital punishment can be justified on many grounds, but not because of procedural problems arising in the *administration* of the criminal law. The errors and abuses found in a capital case should be corrected, as should those in trials for other crimes." Redfield feels that abolition is not a

cause which ought to be espoused by the ACLU.

Norman Dorsen, associate professor of law at New York University Law School, insists that it is. Dorsen, a member of the ACLU's due process committee, says that because it is capriciously applied, the death penalty discriminates against the poor, the uneducated and the Negro. Since 1930, 53.7 percent of those executed in the US have been Negroes. In the Southern and border states and the District of Columbia, 72 percent were Negroes. A study of Ohio showed that in the 1950's, 78 percent of Negroes and 51 percent of whites found guilty of capital offenses were executed.

"Jury selection also operates unfairly in capital cases because panels are chosen partly on the basis of a belief in the death penalty," Dorsen says. "The result seems to be that the state is protected from a jury biased against a capital conviction, but the defendant is not protected from a jury biased in favor of it."

Until recently no one thought the Supreme Court would declare capital punishment unconstitutional. In October, 1963, Justices Arthur J. Goldberg, William O. Douglas and William J. Brennan suggested the death penalty might violate the cruel and unusual punishment clause when imposed on a rapist who neither took nor endangered the life of his victim. They dissented when the Court refused to review convictions of two men under death sentence for rape in Virginia and Alabama. The Court may reconsider what constitutes cruel and unusual punishment.

The death penalty is in fact being abolished gradually in the US. Forty-one states, the federal government and the District of Columbia retain it, but Oregon outlawed it after a referendum last November, following the example of Alaska, Hawaii, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Rhode Island and Wisconsin. Not all of these have abolished the penalty outright. Michigan and North Dakota prescribe it for treason. North Dakota also permits it for first-degree murder committed by a prisoner who is already serving a life sentence for first-degree murder; Rhode Island makes it mandatory for murder committed by a prisoner serving a life sentence.

The number of executions in the US has fallen from an annual average of more than 165, during the 1930's, to a score or two each year. Many jurisdictions that retain the death penalty have not used it in years—at least 30 years in New Hampshire, 20 years in Wyoming and Montana and 18 years in Massachusetts. In the District of Columbia the last execution was in 1957 and the US Attorney's office's policy is not to ask for the death penalty.

Most penologists favor abolition of capital punishment; most policemen do not. Myrl Alexander, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, says, "There is a growing recognition among judges and juries that

the death penalty is a remnant of barbarism. People are more interested in getting at the causes of crime." FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover says capital punishment is a deterrent to crime, and adds: "The savagely mutilated bodies and mentally ravaged victims of murderers, rapists and other criminal beasts beg consideration when the evidence is weighed on both sides of the scales of justice." But in fact there is no significant difference between homicide rates in states that have the death penalty and those that do not.

Richard A. McGee, administrator of the California Youth and Adult Corrections Agency, says of retribution: "Punishment for punishment's sake is and should be repugnant to modern civilized man." James V. Bennett, who just retired as Bureau of Prisons director, advocates abolition of capital punishment for such crimes as rape and armed robbery, but its retention for treason and desertion of the military in war, and for "atrocious" crimes—bombing an airplane or assassinating a President. In the "atrocious" cases Bennett would require the defendant to be examined by a psychiatrist before trial. If a jury found him guilty, he would then be given a second jury trial to determine punishment and, if the death penalty were recommended, the judge would have to concur.

In Europe only France and Spain actually execute people. The Soviet Union abolished the death penalty in 1947 but reintroduced it three years later for traitors, spies and saboteurs and since then has extended it to terrorism, some cases of murder and various economic crimes—embezzlement of state property, bribery, speculation and counterfeiting. The British House of Commons voted 355 to 170 in December to end the death penalty for murder; the abolition bill did not, however, cover military capital punishment in such cases as treason, mutiny and aiding the enemy, but only three persons have been executed under these wartime laws in the last 100 years. The third reading of the British abolition bill probably will be in February, and the House of Lords, which has twice blocked such measures, is expected to approve the bill.

Britain's example should aid abolition efforts in the United States, but Howard B. Gill, director of the Institute of Correctional Administration at American University, says the death penalty will not be abolished completely for a long time. "The public fears that the mad murderer will be released from prison only to strike again," he says. "No matter how much penologists, psychiatrists and judges talk about rehabilitating prisoners, we have to admit we are just at the beginning of professional treatment for them. Until we can assure the public that we can distinguish between the untractable criminal and the one who can be rehabilitated, we won't see the end of the executioner."

SUSANNA MCBEE

I've Got a Secret

President Johnson and the Press

by James Deakin

"I have just been sitting here in this serene atmosphere of the Pedernales," President Johnson told a news conference on November 28, "reading about the wars that you have involved us in, and the additional undertakings [in Vietnam] that I have made decisions on or that General Taylor has recommended or that Mr. McNamara plans or Secretary Rusk envisages."

It has been 66 years since the American press successfully prodded the American government into a war. In an age of nuclear overhang, a charge of incitement is a more serious matter than it was in those *fin de siècle* days when the New York newspaper barons were hectoring William McKinley. Yet Mr. Johnson, who always knows what he is saying, chose to place the responsibility for the now-apparent expansion of the war in Vietnam on the shoulders of the press rather than on the policy makers. Whether the President was in a whimsical or a waspish mood – and his fund of whimsy is not king-size – the remark illustrated that relations between Mr. Johnson and the Washington press corps have not got off to a good start.

This is ironic, because Washington reporters, keenly professional themselves, admire professionalism in a Chief Executive. In the normal course of things, they would be strongly disposed to seal off personal reactions and render highest respect to Lyndon Johnson as a master practitioner. In the first year of the Johnson Administration, however, the dealings between the President and the working press, particularly the reporters who cover the White House regularly, have been characterized as often as not by mutual distrust of motives and actions.

In Vietnam, in NATO, in the difficulties he has had finding able men to staff his Administration, and in other areas, Mr. Johnson seems to be following the primitive custom of blaming the messenger who brings the bad news. This is one of the politician's classic exercises in non-reason. At the 1964 Republican convention in San Francisco, the delegates stood and shook their fists at the newspaper and television galleries

when Dwight Eisenhower, who was supported by 67.3 percent of the nation's newspapers in the 1952 Presidential campaign and 59 percent in 1956, told the cheering convention: "Let us scorn the divisive efforts of those outside our family, including sensation-seeking columnists and commentators, because, my friends, I assure you they couldn't care less about the good of our party."

After the predictable smashup in November, Goldwater dissected the reasons for it with his customary acumen. "If this country of ours ever falls," he observed in an interview in *US News & World Report*, "I think you can go back, with all due respect, to the day when Heywood Broun founded the Newspaper Guild. I'm convinced that, perhaps unknowingly, it established a group of writers who knew only one side – the extreme 'liberal' side of the welfare state, expanded central government – to the point that they could not recognize 'conservatism'."

Mr. Johnson's extreme sensitivity to what is written and broadcast about him is the stuff of which legends and reportorial in-jokes are made. Reporters who accompanied him on a trip to Scandinavia when he was Vice President still talk about his frequent trans-Atlantic calls to Walter Jenkins to find out how the papers back home were playing the news of his tour, and his black moods on those days when the story was carried on the inside pages.

As President, Mr. Johnson wants to announce all the news himself, at times and places of his own choosing. This is natural; every Chief Executive since Franklin Roosevelt (with the exception of Eisenhower) has really wanted to be his own press secretary and to turn the flow of news on and off as he pleased. Reporters accept this as one of the rules of the game, but they have another rule of their own, and that is that they are free to get the news before the President is ready to announce it, if they can.

Mr. Johnson, for all his years on the Hill, where the same etiquette applies, seems to have some difficulty living with the second rule. In the case of Vietnam, he knew full well that reporters were interviewing this and that Administration official in an effort to find out

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what was going to be done, absent any word from the head man. Mr. Johnson himself is not averse to leaking news and sending up trial balloons. The difference seems to be that if the President leaks the story or directs that it be leaked, it is news; but if reporters obtain the information elsewhere, no matter how official and responsible the source, it is risking involvement in war.

There may have been some legitimate security reasons for Mr. Johnson's equivocal responses to the questions about Vietnam. But there was no similar justification for his handling of the budget story two years in a row, and the State of the Union message this year. In these incidents, the White House correspondents, who would almost rather be called warlike than inaccurate, got badly burned. The President led the newsmen up the garden path, they misinformed their readers and listeners as a result, and they have been wary ever since.

The President Changed Gears

The budget imbroglio began at Mr. Johnson's first press conference as President, on December 7, 1963. Asked about anticipated spending in fiscal 1965, he began by pointing out that President Kennedy's last budget had been \$98.8 billion. To this, Mr. Johnson said, about \$3.5 billion would have to be added to cover "built-in" increases such as interest on the national debt and government pensions, together with the cost of new programs. Reporters came away with the impression that the new budget would be between \$102 billion and \$103 billion.

But at his second press conference, on December 18, Mr. Johnson changed gears. "I am working from a budget of \$98.8 billion this year," he said. "It appears that we will expend about that amount, and maybe a little under or a little over, but substantially \$99 billion will be the expenditures this year. That was the amount of Mr. Kennedy's budget."

Down came the figure – or did it? At the same news conference, the President again referred to the \$3.5 billion in additional costs. Then he noted that the population of the US had increased by 21 percent since the Truman Administration, and said: "When we have an increase in population, we are going to have an increase in the budget."

A few days later, the spending total rose again. From the President's Texas vacation headquarters, the word spread that the new budget would be \$100 billion, give or take only a few million. At other times, Mr. Johnson let it be known that the 1965 total would be \$100 billion give or take one or two percent either way – a range of \$98 billion to \$102 billion.

When the 1965 budget was submitted to Congress,

however, it was none of these figures – not \$98, \$99, \$100, \$102, or \$103 billion. It was \$97.7 billion, and this was later reduced to 97.2 billion. Mr. Johnson had his victory – he had kept spending under the Kennedy budget and well under the mystic \$100 billion mark – and the reporters had their lesson.

When budget-making time rolled around this winter, Mr. Johnson was back at the same stand. A White House aide, obviously under instructions, told reporters that "in the normal course of things" the fiscal 1966 budget would have to rise to between \$104 billion and \$106 billion. He was hooted.

Mr. Johnson was equally Byzantine about his State of the Union address this year. The word was leaked that if reporters wanted to know what would be in this important policy statement, they should read an article that the President wrote in 1958 for the *Texas Quarterly*, published by the University of Texas. Correspondents eagerly obtained copies. Finding it a very general discussion of Mr. Johnson's political philosophy, they concluded, and many of them wrote, that the State of the Union message would paint with a broad brush, leaving the details to be filled in later. This impression was fostered by high-level reports that the Great Society program would be serialized in easy stages. As delivered, however, the State of the Union speech caught reporters off guard with a large number of specific proposals.

At his first formal meeting with newsmen, the President promised that he would be accessible to them, and he has kept that promise. In his first year in office, he held 33 on-the-record news conferences, compared with 19 in Kennedy's first year. But Mr. Johnson has held most of his news sessions in his office, almost always without advance notice. As a result, the conferences usually are attended only by the full-time White House correspondents and not by the columnists and reportorial specialists in foreign policy, domestic legislation, economics and science, who could and would ask more penetrating questions in their fields. Kennedy held his press conferences in the large State Department auditorium, with ample notification.

The regular White House reporters have to cover many subjects and most of them acknowledge that the absence of specialists at Mr. Johnson's press conferences means that the questioning often is not as pointed or as full of insights as when Kennedy exposed himself to the probing of experts. In this respect, Mr. Johnson is using the White House regulars to make himself look good, but the goal of an informed public is not as well served.

The format at Johnson press conferences is fairly standard. The President announces at the outset the news that he wants to announce, and that is just about it. The correspondents do their best, but only occasion-

ally do the subsequent questions produce any more major news. And rarely does any news come out of Press Secretary George Reedy's twice-daily briefings.

The uneasy relations between Mr. Johnson and the press have not been helped, either, by the President's bland insistence, a few hours before he presented Hubert Humphrey to the Democratic convention, that he had not made up his mind on a running mate; by the White House's sometimes ludicrous refusal to confirm resignations that have become common knowledge; by the long secrecy on White House salaries, and by the frequent changes in travel schedules.

Undoubtedly Mr. Johnson conceives of these techniques as advantageous to him, and no doubt many

of them are. No one knows what he is going to do until he pulls the rabbit out of the hat. The opposition is kept off balance; it cannot mount effective counter-attacks against chimeras. Public interest is whipped up with tantalizing peekaboos. And the spotlight remains firmly centered where Lyndon Johnson wants it — on Lyndon Johnson.

All well and good. But the public has wearied before of the old shell game when it was played too incessantly. And, as the President knows from the fate that has befallen other public servants, any politician so clever as to meet himself coming around the corner always finds someone waiting there to remind him where he has been.

That Super-Quiet, Squishy Ride

by James Ridgeway

A six-passenger automobile is equipped with tires designed to support only the weight of three occupants, not including their baggage. This startling admission was made at hearings before the Federal Trade Commission, where rubber manufacturers were asked to unravel the knotted strands of their business.

Neither the tire nor the automobile industries ever have developed *maximum* loads for auto tires, declared Mr. M. A. Wilson, chief of tire engineering at Goodyear. (Rather belatedly they now are trying to come up with such specifications.) Instead, a usual practice in equipping cars with tires, he indicated, is to go by the handbook of the Tire & Rim Association, a technical advisory group, that recommends tire sizes and loads on the curb weight of the car plus three passengers.

In a statement to the Commission, Harry C. McCreary Jr., chairman of McCreary Tire & Rubber Company, a small producer, said that auto companies had cut down so much on the amount of tires designed into their vehicles that some vehicles are sitting overloaded before anyone gets into them; others, particularly station wagons, are running dangerously around the highways 50-70 percent overloaded. McCreary said Detroit had saved a lot of money by cutting back on the amount of rubber used in tires.

Commissioner Philip Elman said that he owned a compact station wagon which during the summer he would load up with his wife, five children, pets and baggage, then head toward New England over 500 miles of clear expressway. What assurance did he have

that the tires were safe? Elman never got a straight answer. "Essentially your question is directed to the automobile industry," suggested one expert. "I cannot say that all tires for all cars are safe in all conditions," said another vaguely. Mr. Elman was urged to go to his tire dealer and state his needs; he was advised to buy tires that would take up the full load. "What bothers me," Elman said, "is that these standards suggest it is abnormal to fill up the car."

As the hearings wore on, the manufacturers were prodded into offering up other dribbles of information:

Mr. Ross R. Ormsby, president of the Rubber Manufacturers Association, Inc., a trade group that speaks for the industry, said the size printed on the side of the tire really isn't the size at all, but an approximate measurement called the "name size." For instance, if you went to replace a tire bearing a name size of 8.20 (8.20 inches in width), the new tire might range in actual size from 8.50 to 7.95 inches in width. In other words, every automobile is being driven around with four different sized tires, and the possibility of a good deal of difference between the sizes at that. On big trucks, where tires must be paired, their selection must present a ticklish problem.

After New York State Senator Edward J. Speno put the screws to the tire crowd last year, threatening them with tough legislation, the industry brightly announced a voluntary program for setting minimum safety standards. These were based on specifications set for the government in 1952 by the National Bureau of Stand-

ards; members of the industry agreed to have their tires put through tests at independent laboratories. The tires then would be certified as meeting the specifications. It all sounds very progressive. But since 1952 autos go faster, roads are improved and tires are differently made. The National Bureau of Standards considers the '52 tests outdated, and Mr. Wilson of Goodyear himself referred to them as rather "ancient." Even if a tire manufacturer should fail to be certified, he could go right on selling the tires. In fact, probably nobody would ever know the difference.

Pretty Big Mess

The manufacturers, of course, don't care to get the federal government into the act. But it's a pretty big mess by now; and the FTC could well propose to the Commerce Department that the government's tire standards be brought up to date, and, should the industry refuse to go along with them, members of Congress, Senator Nelson, for one, are all set to ram legislation down the industry's throat.

Mr. John F. Floberg, secretary and general counsel for Firestone, was undoubtedly reflecting a good deal of the industry's feeling when he declared: "Probably the worst thing the Commission could do from the standpoint of customer protection would be to attempt to establish grades of quality, as has sometimes been suggested, on the basis of physically measurable dimensions or mathematically countable characteristics. . . . I submit that the best standard, the time-tested and proved standard and the appropriate free enterprise standard of quality should be the one that has in the case of tires, as in the case of other consumer products, worked most satisfactorily; namely, the discriminating and sophisticated taste of the American consumer."

By a stroke of splendid good fortune, Mr. Henry Wakeland, a consultant to Speno's committee, was able to tell the Commission precisely how well the sophisticated American consumer fared in the hands of Firestone.

Last summer the Speno committee wanted to see just how badly tire buyers were being treated. It purchased tires and tubes based on price advertisements of a department store. While the tires didn't carry the manufacturer's name they were marked "Safety Special" and "Nylon." The committee sent them off to the National Bureau of Standards to see whether they would meet the government's tests, which as already indicated are ancient.

Both tires failed the laboratory tests which simulate highway conditions. About half way through the 24-hour testing period, they suddenly lost air and collapsed. The test run produced broken cords and separated plies to such an extent that the tubes were

abraded through. One tire was cut open and proved to have voids, tunnel-like hollow spaces, between the carcass and tread. The National Bureau of Standards said "poor workmanship" was involved. "Those tires looked like swiss cheese," Wakeland remembers. The committee traced the manufacturer from a shipping tag, found it to be Dayton Tire & Rubber Company, a subsidiary of Firestone.

Speno's committee had just as much trouble with high-priced tires. A New York State automobile club purchased premium tires for 20 vehicles. Complaints that the tires seemed to skid easily at first were brushed aside. It just couldn't be true, such was the reputation of the manufacturer and the price of the tire. The club's technical personnel conducted further testing, discovering that in stopping tests the tires produced skid marks on dry pavement 20-80 percent longer than those for comparable manufacturers. The club went to the manufacturer, who then changed the type of tread rubber in the tire specification and eventually replaced all the tires the club bought. The club was a big customer, in a position to develop its own facts. But the manufacturer never advised individual automobile owners that their tires, too, were unsafe.

In Europe automobile owners can obtain charts where the make of car and its intended use can be matched with various tire brands. Nothing like this exists in America. In explaining why not, Mr. Edwin H. Sonneck, director of corporate planning and research at Goodyear, said the European tire market was different. For one thing, it was smaller, dominated by one grade of tire. Distribution was much more highly controlled. There was no mass distribution of tires. And anyway, European car owners looked at things differently. They regarded owning a car as a specialty, as a sport. Unlike Americans, they didn't take things for granted. And they kept their cars longer. Or was Mr. Sonneck only describing how very successful the tire manufacturers have been in turning America into the biggest sucker market of all time?

While the Commission made hash of the tire people, it hauled up well short of taking on the automobile manufacturers, the real culprits. "This is like a performance of *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark," Mr. Elman remarked in exasperation.

Detroit is the rubber factories' biggest customer. It demands of them tires of very small diameter for very low cars, tires with a soft and squishy ride that don't squeal on corners and are super-quiet on the highway. One way to make a compact car look bigger is to put small tires on it.

When Commissioner Mary Gardiner Jones asked why automobile tires weren't loaded for six instead of three people, the experts said she wouldn't like that. The ride would be too hard.

After High School

The Role of the Community College

by Thomas E. O'Connell

Community colleges are spreading like wildfire and are every year educating a larger and larger percentage of each freshman class across the country. Alvin E. Eurich, formerly of the Fund for the Advancement of Education in the Ford Foundation, thinks maybe by 2000 there won't be any four-year colleges; maybe there will be only community colleges and universities.

Let me tell you what a community college is. First off, it is a junior college—two years. Usually it is a public college, financed by the municipality or the state or both. Usually it is co-educational. Usually it is only for commuting students—no dormitories. It serves a wide variety of students; indeed that is a part of its charm as well as a limitation. But there are essentially two groups of students: those who plan to transfer as juniors to four-year institutions and those who plan to take jobs after just two years of college.

It is this multi-purposeness which accounts in large measure for the community college's surging popularity. Typically a community college has a transfer or liberal arts program which contains the same balance among the social sciences, the sciences and the humanities that one would find in the first two years of a liberal arts college or university. It also has a variety of specialized programs, often called occupational, or technical, or terminal programs. These occupational programs, in addition to offering a core of compulsory liberal arts courses, include courses to prepare students for jobs in local businesses or industries. Pittsfield's largest employer is the General Electric Company, so Berkshire Community College numbers among its occupational programs one in electrical technology. Obviously, the more of these occupational programs the community college can offer, the more opportunity there is for each qualified high school graduate to find the one which suits his particular aptitudes and aspirations. Some colleges have up to 20 of these occupational programs, in fields such as dental technology, nurs-

ing, data processing or in the technology of petroleum.

Another reason community colleges are burgeoning is that they're inexpensive. The first two years of college are cheaper to operate than the last two because larger lecture classes are suitable for many introductory courses (psychology for example) and because less specialized equipment is required. A nonresidential college costs only about half as much per student to build and to run as a dormitory college. The cost to students of attending a community college is a fraction of the cost of a residential college. Many community colleges are tuition free. At Berkshire and at the other seven Massachusetts community colleges the tuition is \$200 a year and the *total* college cost for a student living at home is often under \$400 a year. This economy makes all the difference to many students from large families or from families of limited income—it often means they attend college when they otherwise could not even consider doing so.

The community college is easier to get into, too. It may have an "open door" for any high school graduate. It is sometimes described as a uniquely American or democratic institution which recognizes the importance of the "average" person having the opportunity to go beyond high school. The description is justified, I think. At Berkshire we don't have an "open door," but we do admit any high school graduate who looks to us to be a reasonably good bet to do the job in college. I say to our freshmen each year, "This is a relatively easy institution to get into, but it is not an easy institution to *stay* in." We wash them out pretty quickly if it turns out we guessed wrong at admission—about one-third flunk or quit the first year—but at least they've had the chance, and that's important. And we'll probably have lower attrition as we initiate more occupational programs suited to a wider variety of student motivations and aptitudes.

What about the quality of education offered in a community college? The fact that our attrition at Berkshire is high indicates we're not soft. But a community college has definite handicaps as it strives to keep the right kind of "institutional press" on its students. In

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the first place, we don't *have* the students for as long as we could wish. They are gone at the close of each day and they are gone after two years. They don't have the benefit of more mature upperclassmen to set a tone for them in the informal, out-of-class education which a residential institution offers.

The community colleges have other shortcomings. Our students tend to come from the same socio-economic group as well as from the same geographic area, so most of the usual college stimulation of rubbing up against "strange" people is lacking. Nor do they get another kind of stimulation often associated with going to college, that of going away from home, of being "on their own." And, of course, two years of college is not really enough of college for most able youngsters, but that is all most of our occupational students get.

Also, the fact that community colleges are not selective in admissions means that there are students in the colleges who are not as well prepared to do what is usually considered to be "college-level" work as would be the case in most four-year institutions. There is a greater disparity in the aptitudes of the students and in the amount of information they have than one usually finds in a college. Some students who come to us are very bright and the community college must not hold them back while attending to the problems of their slower classmates. The problem is akin to that faced by public high schools and we use some of the same devices they do to solve it. Homogeneous grouping in classes is one device. Many of these colleges have several distinctly separate "tracks" for occupational students, depending on their abilities and the jobs for which the programs are pointing them. Honors programs, developmental reading programs, special attention to the very quick student and the slower but especially persevering one are other devices we use to deal with a disparate student body. But obviously the 130-IQ student who comes to Berkshire (and each entering class has several) is going to find fewer intellectually challenging classmates than would be the case at Stanford or Smith.

Teachers Who Like to Teach

On the plus side of community colleges the very least that must be said is: Better to attend a community college for two years than not to have any college experience at all. And I think that much more than this can be said.

In the first place, community college teachers concentrate on their work in the classrooms and on counseling with students. They are not required to "publish or perish." The strongest teachers we can find are given the introductory courses where sparks of interest are most likely to be generated in students. Indeed, we

often are able to *attract* first-class teachers who are interested in just this kind of situation. Many of our best teachers are non-PhD's who were blocked from promotion in the four-year institutions because they wished to concentrate on teaching rather than scholarship. They are pleased to find a college teaching assignment which does not demand that they continue to divide their energies between teaching and working at the frontiers of knowledge in their disciplines. This is not, of course, to derogate the dual-purpose role of the university and its faculty of teacher-scholars. Nor is it to say that we discourage scholarship on the part of our faculties; we want them to "keep up" in their fields and there is no better way to do this than by research. It is simply to say that our *special* emphasis is on teaching and not on scholarship.

Thus Berkshire is strongest where Harvard or Columbia are weakest. The great universities, it is generally acknowledged, especially by students who have attended them, are strongest as the student goes up the academic ladder. Introductory courses, taught by young graduate students, sometimes in large sections, are apt to be less than exciting. The graduate student may have little interest in teaching and less in students only slightly younger than himself (isn't it a phenomenon of growing up that we tend to view the age group immediately younger than our own as a pretty sorry lot?). Only when the student begins to major in the department of his choice is he apt to get the "name" faculty people who made the university glitter for him when he applied for admission. And he may not have many exposures to them until he begins graduate work.

Many of the community colleges are small. Berkshire has 500 full-time day students in this its fifth year of operation, and we won't go above 1,000 for several years. This means we are quickly able to single out for extra attention the really able student or the one with special problems. Our being small means that many students are able to take on leadership functions they might otherwise not have. Extracurricular activities do play a part in community college education, though there is relatively more emphasis on the curricular work and perhaps less danger of a marginal student being dazzled by the appeal of a variety of subsidized activities to the detriment of his studies.

For many students, attending the first two years of college while living at home is just right. For one reason or another, 17 is not the right age for everyone to try his wings away from home. I recall the late Dr. Alan Gregg of the Rockefeller Foundation chiding educators for our pride in the slow-maturing nature of humans, and for our paradoxical insistence that maturity be assumed at the arbitrary cut-off age of 17 or 18. The so-called "late bloomer" often finds the community college the best garden. At Berkshire we have

helped a number of students who left home to go to a residential college, found it a bewildering or overwhelming experience, especially at a large university, and as a result quickly flunked out. They have come to us, done well, and returned more confidently to the university as juniors. Some community college people refer to this as our "salvage function" and that strikes me as an accurate, if inelegant, phrase.

Opposite of Ivory Towers

The lack of juniors and seniors to set a tone – a lack which has always struck me as a very real one in residential junior colleges, especially those which are geographically isolated – is in some measure offset in community colleges by the liberal sprinkling of more mature people in our classrooms. We have a number of housewives, for example, women in their twenties and thirties who come in to take one or two courses during the day while their husbands are at work and their children are in school. They lend a serious and purposeful tone. So do the older married veterans who find us the most feasible college to attend. These mature people, many of whom were caught in the "tender trap" and found themselves with families before they realized what they had missed in education, are almost wistfully grateful for the chance to pick up their lost opportunity. Their zest and energy in taking advantage of it make them a delight for their teachers and catalysts for their classmates.

This perhaps brings us to the "community" nature of the community college. Our colleges are assumed to be the opposite of the "ivory tower" institutions. One of our missions is to serve the community, to be the educational and cultural focal points in our regions. Hence the name "community college." We have adult education programs, lecture series, musical programs and plays, short non-credit courses for special groups to upgrade themselves, and a range of other educational activities for which there is a need in our communities. While these functions are performed by lots of other colleges and universities, they are perhaps more central to the purposes of the community college. Last year Berkshire served over 1,000 students in the day, evening and summer programs; we held lectures by Norman Rockwell, Alistair Cooke and C. Northcote Parkinson; we served as the "home" for a local symphony orchestra; we ran a series of seminars for businessmen in the area. But with all that we don't feel we are yet having nearly the impact on our community that many community colleges have on theirs.

One of the exciting things about this community college business is that many communities are having colleges established for the first time. Most of these communities are taking the colleges to their hearts as

they would no other kind of institution. They sense what a college can mean to them, much as the upper Connecticut Valley communities did when they vied for Eleazar Wheelock's attention as he made plans for starting Dartmouth college two centuries ago. So municipalities and states are building flossy new campuses for their community colleges. They are planning to expand them to meet the crush of high school graduates during the next few years. That crush is enormous and it is even now upon us. For example, the number of high school graduates here in Berkshire County jumps 40 percent in just two years between the class finishing in 1963 and the class finishing this June. Figures for New York and many other states are comparable. As for the community college's role in handling this avalanche of students, by 1970 three out of four high school graduates in the nation who go on to higher education will enroll in two-year institutions, according to a study by the Prudential Insurance Company.

The community colleges, in turn, must do their best to be sure that coping with this *quantity* doesn't preclude *quality* education. One measure of their quality is how well their graduates do in good four-year institutions when they transfer as juniors. The record is impressive. A number of studies have shown that community college student transfers do as well as or better than their classmates who matriculated in the four-year institutions in the first place. At Berkshire we were pleased (no, overjoyed!) to find that our first group of 111 graduates who went on to 40 different four-year institutions with credit for their community college work (there has been surprisingly little difficulty in transferring credits) achieved on an average a 2.45 cumulative index on a 4.0 = straight "A" scale their first semester. This would be slightly better than their junior-year classmates. Their successors have done equally as well.

How do the four-year institutions feel about the new community colleges? The state universities are by and large delighted to delegate the task of screening large numbers of freshmen and sophomores so that they can

To Our Readers

Andrew Kopkind this week joins the staff of The New Republic as associate editor. Mr. Kopkind was formerly a West Coast correspondent for Time magazine and a reporter for The Washington Post. He is a graduate of Cornell University and the London School of Economics and Political Science.

concentrate most of their energies on upper-division and graduate education. On the campuses of the University of California, for example, there are twice as many juniors and seniors as freshmen and sophomores. In Florida, new state universities are not admitting *any* freshmen or sophomores. Their students will all be community college transfers. In the Northeast, too, the four-year institutions are beginning to demonstrate an awareness of the community colleges. Dean of Admissions Eugene S. Wilson of Amherst College has announced that Amherst will actively seek applications from 50 transfers from junior and community colleges each year. Students from Berkshire have already transferred to Middlebury, Brandeis, Simmons and several other "prestige" institutions. (After all, it was a shorter time ago than most of us keep in mind that the "prestige" institutions were admitting many "average" students who now find most doors closed to them except those of the community college.)

It may well be, though, that over the long pull the community colleges' greatest contribution will come not in this transfer function, but in helping to meet what Walter Lippmann has called the most pressing unfinished business facing our nation: "the gigantic work of adjusting our way of life to the scientific revolution of this age and to the stupendous growth of the population." By providing the communities across the nation with flexible post-high school educational institutions committed to offering some form of higher education to everyone willing to prepare for it, the community college may be a decisive factor in our adjustment to this scientific revolution. Soon a high school education will be insufficient as preparation for any but the most menial job. Even now there are not enough menial jobs for those prepared to do no others. At the same time, our society's need for technicians or pre-professionals is greater even than our need for professionally trained people. The occupational programs of the community colleges may prove the best way to meet this challenge, both by educating young people coming out of high schools *and* by retraining their elders to adjust to automation.

Wirtz Was Off the Mark

We can't, though, do *everything*; we can't solve the problem of too large a labor force for example. Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz is way off the mark when he assumes that compulsory education to age 18 is a reasonable solution to unemployment. Anyone who has dealt with truculent youngsters of 15 who want "out" of school know that keeping them three more years is not the answer to *anything*. Compulsion in education is effective in inverse proportion to the pupil's age. In some measure a 10-year-old can be forced to learn; it

is harder to "make" a 15-year-old learn. Having tried to "make" 18-year-olds learn in an academic situation, I report that it is impossible. At 18 there are too many attractions competing for their attention. They are nearly at their maximum power physically. They are old enough to have achieved a large measure of independence, at least under our present society's rules. They are usually social animals at that age, and friendships – with both sexes – are absorbing. You can't make them do anything as lonely as studying unless they really want to.

So compulsory education won't work. But *universal opportunity* for post-high school education is another matter. Especially if the opportunity includes sufficient variety to appeal to a wide spectrum of high school graduates. The variety must include clusters of occupational programs which are diverse not only in *kinds* of courses but in *levels* of courses. Norman C. Harris of the University of Michigan in his recent book, *Technical Education in the Junior College/New Programs for New Jobs*, talks about the "middle 50 percent" of high school graduates which community colleges ought to serve through programs characterized by diversity rather than by sheer intellectuality. For example, Harris says community colleges should have a cluster of programs in the engineering and technical fields, ranging from the first two years of a "transfer" engineering program at the top end of the scale of intellectuality and abstraction, all the way to courses for highly skilled technicians at the other end of the scale, where practicality is essential and where the students are not intellectually equipped to handle very abstract work.

It is important to expose students to different occupational possibilities. Grant Venn in his *Man, Education and Work* points out that today's child, unlike his grandparents, grows up in a world where he never sees people doing the jobs which he might be most intrigued with and best qualified to do. He never sees the electrical technician, say, or the low temperature specialist at work. As a result, "job selection in the technological work world has become a desperate affair, often subject to wildest chance and equally often unrelated to the young job seeker's aptitudes and abilities." Exposure in a community college combined with both opportunity and occupational guidance would make the transition into the world of work more rational.

So far, the community colleges have talked much better than they have performed in occupational education. We have not really yet begun to educate technicians in anything like the numbers needed. We'd better start soon, and I think we will. The trick will be for our community colleges to remain flexible enough and zestful enough and imaginative enough to meet the special new educational needs of the US which community colleges appear uniquely well-suited to handle.

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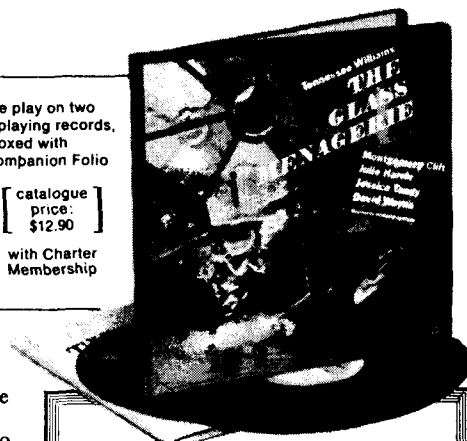
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BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Electric Hum of Talent

by Stanley Kauffmann

"I am a youth!" Armand whispered to himself, looking at his neighbors. "I am a special kind of youth. With a magical substance!"

His name is not Armand and his "neighbors" are other members of a movie audience, but his words are the quintessence of his story, of most of the stories in Irvin Faust's first book. They deal with youths who think they are special, even when the particularity consists of a special happiness at fitting neatly into the jigsaw of society better than others. Each one has found a

Roar Lion Roar and Other Stories
by Irvin Faust
(Random House; \$3.95)

somewhat different magical substance; in Armand's story (*Into the Green Night*), which is the simplest, it is the romantic cloak of movie-balcony dreams; but each substance is a fixative of myth and accessible heaven.

Faust's primary gift is for "seeing" a story. With some writers this means merely scouting for easy ironies and devising gimmicks. With Faust it is the ability to perceive the reality of pertinent intangibles: and to dramatize them with a delicacy that heightens but does not obtrusively contrive. In several instances he comes to a kaleidoscopic fantasy finale because the story does not really conclude; he intensifies its chief components into a fast whirl, then stops. Once, near the end of his first story, he uses a coincidence that we must accept if we want the story to function; and, by that time, we do want it to function. This is a tribute on which he has, justifiably, relied. From the first page he makes us want to read him because it is immediately clear that he knows exactly why he wants to write this story and probably has the power to succeed.

The title of that opening story is *Philco Baby*. The first sentence:

"Good just barely afternoon, Everybody," purred the voice in his shirt pocket, and on signal Morty smiled secretly, brushed his hand inside and, without losing a beat of the packing and stacking, fondled the warm little head and whispered back, "Good just barely afternoon, Every."

It is an opening line that announces ability (which, admit it or not, every author wants to do, new or not) and in which that ability swiftly accomplishes several artistic ends. Consider what that one line does: It shows a satirically selective ear for current jargon. It tells us something of the hero's occupation, probable age and background. It creates an emotional relationship between him and his pocket radio. It thus sketches his social attitudes, beliefs, needs.

The line is like a potent seed out of which the story flowers. The pocket radio goes everywhere with the shipping clerk, is the last thing he hears in his furnished room after he turns out the lights, the first thing he hears in the morning. It is not a safeguard against loneliness; there is evidence that he need not be alone. He *chooses* to live alone in the ambience of that radio, he wants it to be his Baby, his love, he wants it to dictate his gestures, his idioms, how he feels about his brand of beer and his filter cigarette. The little radio is his pocket priest, and he responds to the litany all day long in generally silent communion. That is the point of the story: not the horrors but the joys of conformity, the fullness that ad-mass jargon and jingle supplies to otherwise frantically self-dependent lives. When he runs into Miss Mandell at Coney

Island (the coincidence I noted above), she has to wrest the thing from his pocket and literally smash it before he is able to pay attention to her; and as she envelops him under the boardwalk (saying "I'm going to help you now"), Morty tingles but is not yet convinced that he has moved onward to something better. She is not yet as glamorous as the disc-jockeys and Connies and Peggys with whom he has been spending his days and nights.

The same hunger for communion with something more golden than one's own life, the same ecstasy in embracing large publicity images, is the core of the title story, *Roar Lion Roar*, the most poignant in the book. Ishmael Ramos is a young Puerto Rican in New York, figuratively homeless, who is ostracized in junior high, thrown out, and is uninterested in the various jobs that the social worker gets him. At last she finds him a job in the boiler room of Columbia University. The mystique of the university image seizes and elevates Ishmael as Radioland enfolded Morty. Ishmael buys and wears a Columbia blazer as an acolyte dons vestments, prays to a saint named Alma whose statue is on the campus, agonizes through football games as if they were dark nights of the soul. His creed is not the radio commercial but the old college try. At a football game, rapt and anxious in the stands:

He remembered the rules on the blackboard in the gym. "OK, gong," he yelled, "Les achiv mental guts."

It is funny but it is no laughing matter because, when the team fails in the big game, Ishmael's mind and will fail. It is his tribute of love, his gratitude for a chance to belong, that he lets his sanity go down with his team.

Other stories conjugate other sets of images: *The Duke Imlach Story* (a title seemingly conceived by its protagonist) in crooner-columnist-Broadway terms; *The World's Fastest Human* in a Negro athlete's sports-sex-escape terms; *Googs in Lambarene* in pop social-

conscience. Essentially they are all religious stories: of the need for rite and ritual language and, even more, of the need in the obscure youth for secret converse with the Great Powerful Beautiful; a bond that he knows about, though no one else does, that gives pride to his humiliation, consolation to his obscurity, parenthood to his orphaned state amidst onrushing coldness. Here is Ishmael as his team loses the big one and his mind disintegrates:

Do you know? Do anybody? Whatsa stinkin difference. The Lions they know and that's what counts. . . . "Les go Li-yons, we number one in the Ivory Leak," he whispers in the last cool breath he ever has.

The four other stories of the ten in the book deal with different subjects. *Jake Bluffstein and Adolph Hitler* (which curiously misspells Adolf throughout) is an attempt to uncover the latent hate in a Jew for Jews and for being Jewish, to anatomize the compulsions of the death wish. Its strength lies more in the horrid fascination and possible truth of its idea than in the conviction with which Faust depicts Bluffstein's metamorphosis. *Justice for Ladefinsky* is set in a predominantly Jewish adult summer camp, familiar Arthur Kober territory; but it takes place in the summer of the Army-McCarthy hearings, 1954, and it explores, with some success, the facility of liberal sloganeering as well the iron grimness of the time—particularly for theater people. These currents touch and affect a young actor's consciousness, career, sex life.

Miss Dorothy Thompson's American Eaglet is about a Brooklyn high-school boy during World War II who does his bit by responding to Miss Thompson's appeal for summer farm volunteers. The story of Myron Leberfeld in Vermont, living and working with the Leicester family, is hilariously accurate and sure, as the boy introduces some quite elemental planning into their farming operations and wins their awed respect both because of his seeming genius and the good luck he brings—augmented by his exotic quality as a Jew. For Myron it is the summer in which he first tastes manhood, in the senses of gaining respect, exercising

control, and exacting at least wide-eyed devotion from the farmer's ripe daughter. At the end of the summer, as his train leaves, the Brooklyn boy looks down on the weatherbeaten, ostensibly bereft Yankee family:

My final inspiration in a summer filled with inspiration. Leaning far down, almost over their heads, I traced in the air, boldly but delicately, like Stokowski, two interlocking triangles, the *Mogen David*, the Star of David. . . . Their faces, their bodies suddenly relaxed, as if a great weight were dropping away, and they all smiled, even the twisted old man, and they began to wave. It was what they had been waiting for, of course; even though the Jewish feller was gone, no matter what, they would be *all right* for a while.

The Madras Rumble, formally the most perfect story in the book, is also the most conventional in method, insight, contrast. It is not for those reasons less true, but, although it is wildly funny, it is the only story in the book that is not much more than funny. In Manhattan a young Indian social worker from Madras is assigned to a gang of young toughs in an upper West Side settlement house, quickly dominates them with his natural charm and basketball skill, and channels their aggressiveness into demonstrations of passive resistance on the West Side Highway and the subway tracks. His last foray, before it is decided that US-Indian relations would be safer if he went home, is an adventure with Chinese laundries and restaurants that satisfies his purposes and the gang's instincts.

Mr. Faust must now be included among those new American authors who refute the lazy-minded assumption that the art of fiction is waning in this country. Just the last five years have seen the debuts of—to name only some—Bruce Jay Friedman, Elliott Baker, Joseph Heller, Walker Percy, Edward Adler, Norma Stahl Rosen, Reynolds Price, Donald Barthelme: writers of varying bent and intent, all of whom have proved rewarding to critical readers. (I presume to imagine that my colleague, Mr. Brustein, would shed tears of genuine joy if a theatrical

season brought the debut of one dramatist equivalently gifted with any of the above; yet our Pulitzer prize-givers equated the state of fiction with drama last year by giving no award in either category.) Mr. Faust and some of the others have so far produced only one book; more are looked for because, among other reasons, single books often do not survive without full careers. With the others, Mr. Faust gives us plentiful reason to hope. His stories are written in prose that is, generally, a distilled, heightened, accelerated vernacular: used in the service of wit, lean structural strength, perception, and compassion. Opening his book is like clicking on a switch; at once we hear the electric hum of talent.

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Their Brothers' Keepers

by Alexander Welsh

"'Are there no prisons? . . . And the Union Workhouses?' demanded Scrooge. 'Are they still in operation? . . . The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigor?'" Such are the miser's infamous replies to the solicitor for charity. Yet it would be hard to deny that Ebenezer Scrooge, not the gentleman from the charity, has captured our imagination. His replies are

English Philanthropy, 1660-1960
by David Owen
(Harvard; \$11.95)

nasty, but genuinely witty. No one loves the poor and taxes without qualification.

If one substitutes for the repressive agencies of the state that Scrooge names the public services of the modern welfare state, however, the reply is reduced to common sense. "Are there no pensions? And the National Health Service? Is it still in operation? Unemployment insurance and the Education Act are in full vigor?" History has removed the bite but strengthened the reasoning of Scrooge. It was the great hope of the Victorian era that the cumulative efforts of private charity could relieve destitution and sickness without "pauperizing" the poor—i.e., without spoiling them. By the mid-20th Century, in England, this effort was felt by most people to be the responsibility of the state, and the idea that the well-being of the poor was a function of moral character had been largely forgotten. The determination that masses of the poor were unable to help themselves, that much poverty was due to a failure of the economic system, was in part due to the realization, about the turn of the century, that most of the poor were simply old people. In the United States a similar realization is about to lead to an historic change in medical care.

David Owen's history of philanthropy is thus the inverse history of the welfare state. In every area voluntary assistance has paved the way for what are now accepted as statutory rights. The subject is vast indeed. Hospitals and universities, to say nothing of city

parks and cultural institutions, which we take for granted, owe their very existence to the odd idea—characteristically Anglo-American and capitalistic—of giving away money for good causes. The debt to philanthropy of at least two sciences, medicine and sociology, is similarly direct and unmistakable. And the gradual assimilation of charitable deeds by public bodies continues. City welfare departments hire the experience of "private" case workers; the Peace Corps draws on the missionary experience of international relief. Today progressive charities cheerfully acknowledge and actively further what has proved to be their historic role—a role of pioneering and experiment in public service. The great foundations have made the "pilot project" a philosophy of life.

The problems and controversies of charitable assistance have their history. The charge of pauperizing the poor by sapping their habits of work and thrift was not brought first by Senator Goldwater against creeping socialism, but by moralists of the 19th Century against indiscriminate private charity. The legal and ethical problem of obsolescent charities that were endowed in perpetuity is also an old one. Charitable endowments in the City of London during the 19th Century included "funds for sermons celebrating the defeat of the Armada and the failure of the Gunpowder Plot, for the tolling of the bell of St. Sepulchre's before executions at Newgate, for the ransoming of Christian captives from the Turks or the Barbary pirates, for killing ladybirds on Cornhill, for an oil lamp at the corner of Billingsgate 'for ever!'" The final Brougham Report (1837-1840) demonstrated statistically a further problem in the history of such endowments: of 28,880 charities with a combined annual income of £1,209,397, nearly half had an annual income of less than £5.

The tax status of charitable institutions continues to be a subject of controversy, both locally and, from time to time, nationally. College presidents—among the class of persons who will be most interested in Professor Owen's

book—will shudder when they read Gladstone's words as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1863: "if we have the right to give public money [through tax relief to charities], we have no right to give it in the dark. We are bound to give it with discrimination; bound to give it with supervision." Gladstone's threats came to nothing, but philanthropy has never enjoyed in England as extensive tax privileges as in the United States. Occasionally Congress has cast its eye on the sizeable fortunes of American foundations, but seemingly from political rather than fiscal motives. In the fifties a given foundation might be threatened in this manner for its "leftist" leanings; more recently a foundation has been accused of harboring the CIA, and there has been some concern in the Internal Revenue Service to distinguish between so-called "educational" foundations and instruments of conservative political propaganda.

Mr. Owen's book owes its origin to one such controversy. It was commissioned in 1955 by the Ford Foundation, which, at that time under criticism for creating the Fund for the Republic, was naturally curious about the origins, status, and privileges of philanthropy in general. As in the best tradition of charity, the result will be an example to others as well as an end in itself. Owen's history is sustained as well as comprehensive; he has a gift for delivering details that speak for themselves. His wide learning and 2,169 footnotes—to contribute a statistic of my own—never get in the way of his clarity and humor.

The ambiguities in the institution that Owen traces have never been thoroughly explored. Why has charity so often been an object of distrust as well as admiration? It is as if contradictory conclusions can be drawn from the Christian premise that it is better to give than to receive. Many figures in the history of philanthropy seem to have thought that everyone might give, but that no one ought, in self-respect, to receive the gift. The shame of receiving was an inseparable thought in even the best Victorian attitudes toward charity. These ambiguities are suggested by some words of Dickens on behalf of the General Theatrical Fund: "If you help this Fund you will

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not be performing an act of charity, but you will do an act of Christian kindness, benevolence, encouragement. . . . I will not so wrong a body of men struggling so manfully for independence, as to solicit you to perform, in their behalf, an act of charity."

One persistent note that puzzles Owen is the resistance of many of those most deeply engaged with charitable work to any form of public welfare. To cite a parallel in America, why should an organization like Blue Cross-Blue Shield lobby against Medicare? It is easy to reply that the administrators of private assistance fear for their positions, but expanded services would presumably create even more administrative positions. Or how can one explain a philanthropist not

wanting others to share, through taxes, the charitable burden that he feels he must in conscience bear? Why should only the good and compassionate yield up their fortunes? Why not the wicked?

The answers, if indeed they can be uncovered, are complex. The Tudor or Elizabethan philanthropist believed that he was benefiting his own soul by making a charitable bequest. Taxes deprive the soul of this choice. The welfare state also discourages to a degree those who would demonstrate, for the prestige it gives them, the power to give away large sums.

Such reasons would still not account

for the resistance of the religious and humanitarian *agents* of charity, who essentially spend what others make available. The resistance to public welfare of a secretary or field worker of charity thus seems even more difficult to explain. There is some experience, of course, that when the government chips in, the private donors leave the game. Whatever the case, public welfare patently takes all the *fortune* out of charitable work: the excitement of the large donation, the competition for donors, the mere contact with the rich and their arbitrary power to do good, the mission of converting or diverting a great fortune to good works.

Innocence in Flight

by Joseph Epstein

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P. S. Wilkinson, the hero of this year's Harper Prize Novel, is a tall, thin Yale graduate who has served as a lieutenant in Korea and is later recalled to active duty during the 1961 Berlin crisis. It so happens that its author C. D. B. Bryan — we learn from the photograph and copy on the back dust-jacket — is also a tall, thin Yale graduate who has served as a lieutenant in

P. S. Wilkinson
by C. D. B. Bryan
(Harper & Row; \$5.95)

Korea and was later recalled to active duty during the 1961 Berlin crisis. Since Mr. Bryan has something of a reputation as a humorist, and since ours is an age of distrust anyway, I had this creepy feeling for the first couple of hundred pages of his book that Wilkinson would get around to writing a novel about a tall, thin Yale graduate who has served as a lieutenant in Korea and is later recalled to active duty during the 1961 Berlin crisis. Its title might very well have been *C. D. B. Bryan*.

Fittingly enough for a first novel, *P. S. Wilkinson* is about the loss of innocence. But what innocence! Alongside Bryan's hero the Southern politician who wrote a personal check for his mistress's abortion takes on the acuity of a Disraeli. With a baccalaureate from Yale, but not much in the way of

hair, teeth, or nails, P. S. Wilkinson steps out into the world simply aching for it — an Ivy League rube, a mark, a pigeon — and, as who shouldn't be surprised, he gets it.

The book begins with Wilkinson in Korea, where he is going through the paces of that organized bore known as the peacetime army. How organized and boring it can get Bryan establishes with excellent effect and good economy, which leads one to believe his real gift is for caricature. Not a lot happens in Korea, which to Wilkinson is "the worst sick joke of all time," except for a single incident. An order is issued to shave the head of any Korean prostitute caught on the U.S. Army compound after dark. One is soon discovered while Wilkinson is officer of the day — trying, incidentally, to collect a debt from a GI, which says a good deal about one kind of US foreign aid. Wilkinson, an honorable man, refuses to carry out the order, and wards off court-martial only by making it unmistakably clear to the major who issued the order that the publicity a court-martial would stir would endanger his pension. Aside from this, there is considerable flashback: about the good-old-days at prep schools and Yale; about Wilkinson's family and its background, which is old Baltimore and affluent; and about his father, a stiff and self-centered man whose style of dress is cited as "Fred Astaire East."

But by and large Wilkinson's time in Korea is spent pretty much like everyone else's—forever yearning to get out of Korea.

It is when he returns home, though, that P. S.'s troubles really begin. Everything gets a bit confused, a trifle fuzzy: for Wilkinson, for me, and, I suspect, for Bryan as well. P. S. has changed, or all his friends have; at any rate, Korea has made a difference, and the old gang in Bermuda shorts, button-down collars and tennis sneakers no longer holds out the same attraction for him. We are now in a world where people say, with a perfectly straight face, "Mummy is in Southhampton" and where such intelligence as "Like so many Smith girls P. S. had met, she was too broad in the hips" weighs as a striking aperçu.

Soon after his return, P. S. attends the wedding of his best friend, which he had anticipated with excitement but in reality finds hollow in the extreme. At the wedding, however, he runs into Hilary, his old schoolgirl fiancée, now married and the mother of a baby girl. P. S. discovers he still cares a great deal for Hilary. The plot thickens—and so does Bryan's heretofore smooth and unobtrusive prose.

Once allowed to open her mouth, Hilary reveals herself an uncommonly superficial girl, though P. S. proceeds to apotheosize her in a manner wildly incommensurate with her visible endowments. Naturally enough, an entanglement follows. P. S. drives Hilary from the wedding, which is in Baltimore, back to Washington; they stop for dinner, make an appointment to meet the next day, and the day after that and, one thing leading to another, it all ends up in the bedroom of P. S.'s apartment with this delightfully innocent shred of dialogue:

"... Look, Hilary, I'll tell you what I'll do. Lie down and I'll give you a back rub. We're both worried and nervous and everything and it'll relax you. So don't worry about making love. We don't have to."

And oddly enough, they don't. But first there are five-and-a-half full pages of bobbing and weaving, moaning and groaning, rolling and heaving, before Hilary, undergoing a change of heart, calls the whole messy business to a

halt. Though put off, P. S. is not in the least angry. Hilary, after all, is married, the mother of one, and he is a man of honor; not for nothing did he refuse to follow the order to shave the Korean prostitute's head. How the man of honor allowed himself to get into this particularly awkward situation never becomes quite clear to him. My own inclination after this particular scene was to wish myself a commanding officer so I might issue an order to shave both Hilary and P. S.'s heads.

We are put through another such shortly afterward. Things go along a bit farther a bit faster—only three pages of description this time around—but again it ends unconsummated, the fault of P. S., whose sense of honor is evidently very intimately hooked up with his physiology.

This proves troublesome the following day, when P. S. is interviewed for a job with the CIA. I neglected to mention that, once back from Korea, P. S. had determined that what our government needs is "young people who are both idealistic and politically aware of our country's limitations" and that, moreover, he is precisely such a young person. The CIA interview is a fine-edged and skillful piece of writing, and reinforces respect for Bryan's satirical talent. It turns out a scandalous debacle in which, his arm strapped to a lie detector, P. S. is faced with the burden of proving that he is not a homosexual. The question "Have you ever experienced any difficulty in enjoying sex with women?" in the light of the previous night's joust with Hilary, comes as especially vexing. There's no fooling the machine, and P. S. is aware that he has not come up to the CIA's high standards of heterosexuality. The final humiliation, and it is a perfect comic touch, arrives immediately after the lie detector test, when P. S. is sent for an interview with the CIA psychiatrist, who asks him: "My you're tall! Are you long all over?"

Having decided to forego the married Hilary, P. S. takes a job in a bank in New York. He gets involved, though without much passion on his own part, in an affair with a rather plain girl named Linda Bates, formerly of Smith (the breadth of her hips gives her away). And so it goes, till one evening at a party he learns that Hilary and her husband have got a divorce. He

The authors were engaged in a program of experiments with LSD and other psychedelic drugs at Harvard University, until sensational national publicity, unfairly concentrating on student interest in the drugs, led to suspension of experiments. Since then, the authors have continued their work without academic auspices.

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calls her, flies to Washington, and is disappointed in his hopes of taking up where the two of them had left off before Hilary's marriage. Hilary, it seems, wants a man with commitment, will in fact settle for nothing less than a type fully *engagé*. Once idealistic and politically aware of our country's limitations, P. S. is now coldly detached and rather more acutely aware of his own limitations. He and Hilary argue about this at some length, never quite resolving anything; and there is reason to believe she will send P. S. packing but for the intervention of the 1961 Berlin crisis.

P. S.'s reserve unit is recalled to duty in the state of Washington. This brings out a great deal of grumbling about the injustice of being recalled to active duty. The grumbling itself isn't too bad, but that it never amounts to a coherent statement is unfortunate. Even more unfortunate is the fact that P. S. grumbles to an acquaintance from Yale, now in journalism, who shows his warm feelings for the old alma mater by writing a disastrous story under the headline "Berlin Crisis: An Angry Army," in which P. S. is recounted as an officer nodding in agreement as an enlisted man launches into a tirade against President Kennedy and the whole of the US Congress. In the soup again, the old innocent is royally chewed out: by his company commander, by nut letter-writers who inform

him that they wish he had died in World War II instead of their sons, by his father, and by his New York bank which instructs him that his job is no longer waiting.

All of which sends P. S. into a long (and final) flashback about his being bounced from the Virginia Preparatory School at fifteen for cheating on a Latin exam. He had cheated, we are given to understand, because he could not stand the idea of letting his father down by failing. But those days are now behind him, and P. S. is determined never again to let others effect his own sense of honor. Well into his

twenties, he is through being humiliated and treated as a child. He is to become his own man, and as an earnest of his new life he proposes marriage to Hilary. This is a particularly satisfying end: one feels they deserve each other.

In a famous literary anecdote, F. Scott Fitzgerald is reported to have told Ernest Hemingway: "The very rich are different than you and me." To which Hemingway is said to have replied: "Yes, they have more money." But of course Hemingway was wrong; among other things, as C. D. B. Bryan's novel amply demonstrates, they are able to keep their innocence much longer than the rest of us.

ART

Looking at Latin America

Our view of Latin American art is much more limited than our view of European art. Artists from the old countries regularly and easily slip into the commercial shuttle across the Atlantic. Artists from the southern regions of the New World are more usually exhibited here under institutional auspices. Of the institutions the chief one is the Pan American Union, which does a good job year in and year out of mounting an endless chain of one-man shows in paintings and prints with occasional sculpture; from the PAU headquarters in Washington—it is the locus of the Organization of American States—some of these shows and combinations of them get shipped about the country for exhibition in smaller museums. In New York both the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim have been active in the field and both have tended strongly toward the *Doppelgänger* theory of international art exchange. Under this theory, institutionally definitive exhibitions of the latest American thing are sent forth like the dove from the ark, followed after a year or so by a roaming curator looking for native stuff worthy of New York exposure; sure enough, every time he comes back with native work that is the spitting image of what went out, with the exception that some describable, if not always

visible characteristic of the native land is found in the work, such as somber in Spain and elegant in France. This has been the case throughout the whole of the postwar period and reflects closely the widely held desire for unity of the West and eventual unity of the whole wide world. Now that Lippmann and de Gaulle in their different ways have begun to build a new and respectable isolationism, the *Doppel* may be expected to *gang* and museums to get more variety in their shows.

Meanwhile, however, I was very glad recently to learn of a mammoth assemblage of Latin art being brought together by PAU with underwriting by Esso, scheduled to open in Washington in April, selected by a group of juries composed of regional people in the arts, of PAU representatives and of USA critics. I was even gladder to find myself one of the latter and to spend some time in Central America looking at art for the Esso Salon of Young Artists. By way of good, if futile, example for Congressional architects of the Great Society, I should note that I was paid a good stiff fee for professional service by the Esso Corporation, as well as expenses for a stay in a lovely climate at just the right time of year; thus discount may be made for any euphoria in what follows.

The jury I was on met in San Salva-



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dor to select work from the Central American countries plus Panama. Discussion of the work in any detail can wait on the grand assemblage in this country, but it should be said that the sheer variety of manner practiced by the young — i.e., 40 and under — in this narrowing, mountainous strip of land is more impressive than the repetitive unity heretofore assembled through Doppelganging. Neither in the region as a whole nor in any of the six countries is there a dominant style. The range is from the several varieties of texturism to a surviving and modified Surrealism.

As for the home team of Salvadorians, the jury had no trouble at all in agreeing that the number one young artist was Carlos Cañas, a young practitioner of textured surfaces, delicate coloring and simple shapes in big spaces. Since it was his home ground, I was able to locate his dealer and review a good chunk of his continuing work, since fortunately he was preparing for a retrospective at about the time of the jury meeting. The view was very enlightening as to the way art is professed among many of the young today and not only in Latin America. The work split precisely down the middle with no discernible connections between two separate kinds of painting. The kind we had picked for the Salon was as described above, completely non-objective though with occasional suggestions of abstract forces in opposition. The surfaces were big enough to surround the viewer and immerse him in the contemplation of, say, the play of blue and white across a plane of sand and pebbles. The most effective of these employed a horizontal band suggesting sea and shore but not really delineating them. According to the dates Cañas has been painting like this for about five years.

In utter contrast was the equally authoritative work before then, done in the universal Latin language of earlier in the century, a modified Cubism, with the edges of planes used to give angularity and pathos to people and animals and even to the stab of light within essentially dark paintings. The earlier work was obviously more concerned with the human situation; but it was also more aware of what had been going on in Latin art for some decades. The later work — conceivably *Doppel-*

ganger in ultimate inspiration — was a clear break with all that, an attempt, and a successful one, to take advantage of looser conventions. The point is that Cañas is a painter of talent and command who has been able to apply those qualities to two completely contrasting manners with equal and quite respectable achievement in both. The only US painter who has successfully done the same thing is Stephen Green.

In the whole group I was most impressed by the sculpture and painting of two Guatemalans. Partly in order to see more of their work, I spent a couple of days in Guatemala City and saw something quite beyond what I hoped for. Roberto González Goyri had three pieces, a powerful bronze bull, head raised, legs in thrust, that was totally Spanish, a more abstract torso of curved planes and swelling volumes, and a middle piece, a seated woman holding a pitcher on her head, with her arms and legs and the vessel forming a marvelously balanced pattern. Efraim Recimos was represented by one ambitious sculpture and a pair of paintings. The bronze, "Siden in the Winds," was a beautifully realized conception of a dream woman materializing or dematerializing out of or into scudding clouds or banners in the sky. The paintings were completely abstract arrangements of highly glazed color, one of them managing to suggest the dream and mystery of the "Sunday on the Grand Jatte," which is quite something with neither figures nor places.

Arriving in Guatemala I found the two of them, along with other artists, engaged in something much more important, nothing less than the creation of a civic center as an enormous work of art. The art project was started about a decade ago with vast areas of bright, sharply refined mosaic inside and outside the new city hall by Carlos Merida. Below the city hall have been built or are in progress four new structures, the social security building, a couple of banks and an insurance company, all to a height of ten stories or so, all in basically the shape of the double-cube upwards, but each with its east and west ends given over to full-side low relief concrete murals, poured in place to forms designed by Recimos and Goyri, with the latter demonstrating a steady development of "Mayan-

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plete and it is a beauty of sculptural form made to be walked around in, sat about in and enjoyed. Blending well with the harsh forms of the old fort, the new shapes lead the visitor to amble down graceful paths, to step off into concrete pause-places for two or more, and to view the city from an imposing height. The whole effect, with the old battlements in the background, is the redemption of the Conquest for more human uses.

FRANK GETLEIN

RECORDS

Choreographic Evocations

One of the most illuminating statements ever made about Mozart was E. J. Dent's observation that "the theater is the sphere in which Mozart is most completely himself; his concert works . . . are all fundamentally evocations of the theater." And one can say of Stravinsky too not only that his greatest works are the ballet scores that proclaim him our century's outstanding composer for the theater, but the stylistic characteristics of his writing specifically for the dance are heard in some of his concert pieces, which sound like additional ballet scores waiting for Balanchine to add the dance movements they imply—movements which in fact he added to the Violin Concerto and the concert piece *Danses Concertantes*. In the volume *Stravinsky in the Theater* some years ago Balanchine wrote that "in Stravinsky's music the dance element of most force is the pulse," which "in each work . . . builds up a powerful motor drive"; that "a choreographer can't invent rhythms, he only reflects . . . in movement" the rhythms whose organization is the function of the musician, and of which Stravinsky has been the most "subtle and various organizer . . . in history"; that an additional stimulation to choreographic invention is "the contour of Stravinsky's melodic line, so carefully weighted and balanced, so jewel-sharp in the molding"; and that "even the non-balletic works have clear, compelling descriptions of dance movement." All this is brought to mind by new

Columbia records with an additional number of Stravinsky's unequalled performances of his own music. ML-6049 and MS-6649 offer the delightful and witty score for Balanchine's *Jeu de Cartes* (1937), the less attractive *Scènes de Ballet* for the Billy Rose show *The Seven Lively Arts* (1944), and the skillful arrangement for small orchestra (1941) of the *Bluebird pas de deux* from *The Sleeping Beauty*, which has some of Tchaikovsky's most inspired invention. And on ML-6048 and MS-6648 are the engaging *Circus Polka* (1942), stylistically reminiscent of *Jeu de Cartes*, for an elephant ballet by Balanchine, and the *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto* (1937), an attractive concert piece which would go admirably with a Balanchine choreography—the rest being the *Eight Miniatures*, the *Four Etudes*, and the two Suites for small orchestra, all orchestrations of early piano pieces that are masterfully contrived trivia. The orchestras are the Cleveland Symphony, CBC Symphony and a good recording orchestra.

Debussy's rarely heard *Jeux* (1912), commissioned by Diaghilev for the ballet by Nijinsky, and his last orchestral work, is on Angel 36212 (mono) with the three that preceded it—the *Images*, comprising the well-known *Iberia* (1906-8) and the infrequently played *Rondes de Printemps* (1908 or 9) and *Gigues* (1909-12). In *Iberia* and *Rondes de Printemps* Debussy's powers of imaginative orchestral invention op-

erate at the incandescent level they reached in *La Mer*—the aural image of spring offering an even richer profusion of invention and complexity of texture than the marvelously evocative second movement of *La Mer*; but *Gigues*, after *Rondes*, is striking in the fewness and thinness of its ideas; and in *Jeux* I hear no ideas at all, but only the mannerisms of Debussy's matured orchestral style. Its performance by Cluytens with the Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra is good; but a much finer performance of the *Images* is Argenta's with L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (get the mono version); and the finest of *Iberia* alone is Toscanini's.

The Piano Concerto of Samuel Barber, which has had an enormous publicity-press build-up since its first performance during the inaugural week of Lincoln Center, turns out to be another characteristic product of this composer who is no creator—one in which he uses a lot of notes in the gestures of saying the impressive things he doesn't really have to say. These gestures furnish young John Browning with the material for impressive manipulation of the piano, on Columbia ML-6038 and MS-6638, in a context provided by the Cleveland Orchestra under Szell. William Schuman's *A Song of Orpheus* for cello (Leonard Rose) and orchestra, on the reverse side, is yet another work exhibiting his empty pretensions.

The first movement of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* suffers from Karajan's excessively slow tempos, in the beautifully executed performance with the Berlin Philharmonic on Deutsche Grammophon 18-921 and 138-921. And the delightful Allegro movements of Mozart's Symphonies K.297 (*Paris*) and 338 lose by Klemperer's insufficiently animated pacing, in the performances with the superb Philharmonia on Angel 36216 (mono).

For lovers of Handel's music I report Westminster's reissue on W-9064/5/6 of all 15 Sonatas Op. 1, played well on the violin by Julian Olevsky with continuo by the harpsichordist Fernando Valenti and the cellist Martin Ormandy.

And they will find passages of Handel's fine writing for chorus and his beautiful melodic writing for solo voices in the Chandos Anthems on

Cantate records—Nos. 4 and 6 on 645-201 (mono), and Nos. 2 and 3 on 645-202. Alfred Mann's conducting doesn't enliven and shape the music; but he sets good tempos and achieves accurately executed performances in which sufficient life is imparted to the music by his excellent singers and instrumentalists—Helen Boatwright, soprano, Charles Bressler, tenor, Jerrold Held, bass, the Collegium Musicum of Rutgers University, Matthew Raimondi, violin, and Arthur Krilov, oboe, among others.

Additional attractive old music reissued by Westminster includes the two Tartini violin sonatas excellently performed by Erica Morini on W-9070; a third group of Dowland's lovely Ayres for 4 voices, beautifully sung by the Golden Age Singers on W-9619; and French and English songs—including Dowland's *Flow my tears* and *I saw my lady weep*—sung by the remarkable tenor Hugues Cuenod on W-9620.

The *Christmas Oratorio* of Heinrich Schuetz (1585-1672) on Angel 36211 (mono) offers—in addition to long stretches of the Evangelist's narrative in recitative—some beautiful writing for chorus and for solo soprano. And the performance conducted by Hans Thamm has excellent singing by the Windsbach Boys' Choir and lovely singing by the soprano Edith Mathis.

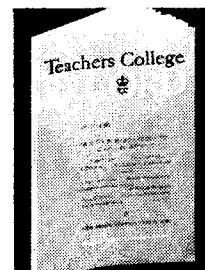
Listening to the *Rigoletto* conducted by Kubelik on Deutsche Grammophon 18-931/3 and 138-931/3 I was amazed to hear that the voice and art of Fischer-Dieskau that are overwhelming in German song and opera simply do not work convincingly in Verdi's music. In addition Renata Scotto's singing is extremely unpleasant-sounding, leaving Carlo Bergonzi's as the only good feature of the performance.

Decidedly better—even with the not very attractive tenor voice of Alfredo Kraus—is the *Rigoletto* conducted by Solti on RCA Victor LM- and LSC-7027, with Merrill and Anna Moffo.

The wreck of Callas's once excitingly beautiful and expressive voice that one hears on Angel 36200 (mono) isn't an instrument with which she can sing the arias of Mozart, Beethoven and Weber on that record. But its better condition on 36221 enables her to produce impressive performance of arias from Verdi's *Otello*, *Don Carlo* and *Aroldo*.

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Health in an Ailing Profession

A group of Russian actors visited New York some months ago to discuss the Stanislavsky system as practiced by the Moscow Art Theater; but the most lasting impression they left me was of their pleasant personalities, ebullient good health, and sense of common purpose. The West, with its modern tradition of experimental art and Bohemian artists, does not take kindly to the Soviet notion of the "artist-citizen," and our attitude is vindicated by the sterility of most Soviet-sponsored literature and drama. Still, the anarchic freedom necessary to our creative artists has now been expropriated by many interpretive artists, particularly those engaged in the collaborative enterprise of the theater, and I am beginning to think this a serious obstacle to genuine histrionic achievement. The most conspicuous American acting method—one, ironically, linked here with the name of Stanislavsky—has functioned primarily for the manufacture of star personalities. Worse, it has encouraged a neurotic, even pathological mode of performance with the actor's personal problems decimating the objective problems of the role. How many times have we been prevented from seeing a theatrical character by an actor more interested in exhibiting himself? And how many complex roles have been destroyed by a performer's narcissistic quirks and private eccentricities, whether in the form of glowering masculinity or of fussy effeminacy, whether of uncontrolled hysteria or of adolescent self-consciousness.

These reflections are prompted by a recent visit to the Actor's Workshop in San Francisco, a company I had seen before with pleasure, but which I now had an opportunity to observe at leisure. I had already been struck by the unusual intelligence of the group, a rare enough quality in our theater; now I was struck by something even rarer, its healthy instinct and powerful discipline. To watch these actors rehearse is to watch a close-knit family group cooperating in a common pursuit; to see them perform is to see an ensemble

functioning not only with precision but also with dedication, sensitivity, and joy. Unlike New York and Hollywood actors, these performers are gypsies no longer, devitalized by the uncertain conditions of their work and depressed by the unsatisfying quality of it. They have found a permanent home, and, settling down to develop their personal and artistic lives, have become an essential part of the landscape.

The confidence that results is absorbed into their work. During my stay in San Francisco, I saw a rehearsal of Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, a production of Wycherly's *The Country Wife*, and a revival of Pinter's *The Caretaker*: each was marked by the same lucidity of conception and deftness of execution. Even in its early stages, the *Uncle Vanya* was shaping up as a clarifying experience, the title character being played with such extraordinary force (by Robert Symonds) that I understood, for the first time, why Chekhov named the play after him. Seeing *The Caretaker* again reinforced my initial opinion that its ambiguities are sterile, and its development dull, but this production, nevertheless, uncovered new values in the text, and the setting, a small room surrounded by lathing and piled high with junk, enhanced Pinter's motif of claustrophobic dread.

As for *The Country Wife*—another play that is rather tiresome on the stage (though fascinating in the study)—this turned out to be one of the finest Restoration productions I have ever seen, especially interesting because it managed to remain indigenously American without sacrificing a sense of high style. The director wisely elected to dispense with the fluttering fans, baroque bows, and foppish intonations, and to sweep through the play in a bouncy, virile, semi-farcical manner, aided by an organic design which worked like a character in the action (the Workshop is especially fortunate in its scenic artists) and by vigorous men and handsome women who spoke admirably, and who were not afraid to be brutal on the stage. Nor was there

any timidity about introducing the unexpected. In an opening tableau, the entire company appeared in costume, smiling at the audience—but in the crowd was a young man in a business suit, presumably the father of one of the children in the cast. This insinuation of contemporary life into the Restoration world was entirely natural and unobtrusive, but it had the interesting effect of collapsing time—as did the bridge music, consisting mainly of the Swingle Sisters doing jazz vocal versions of Handel and Bach.

Such production concepts seem to grow out of the play instead of being artificially imposed upon it: the Workshop directors are devoted, first and foremost, to illuminating the texts. It is this kind of artistic disinterestedness that has made the Actor's Workshop, under the inspirational leadership of Herbert Blau and Jules Irving, such an important theater institution. The notes on the program are a little too self-conscious and pedagogical; and the theater, as a whole, does not possess that fanatical revolutionary thrust that used to animate the Living Theater (because of this, Ronnie Davis, a former Workshop actor, broke with the company to form his own experimental troupe). But if the Actor's Workshop is not likely to unearth new playwriting talent, it brilliantly serves what already exists. For works of the classical and modern repertory, and of the Anglo-European *avant-garde*, there are few permanent companies as good, and none as healthy, vital, and devoted.

It is a pity that the Actor's Workshop has not brought a three or four play repertory to New York, for then the local reviewers would have some standards to judge by, and the APA would not have been so vastly overrated. As individuals, the actors in Ellis Rabb's troupe are mostly competent performers—and Rosemary Harris is an actress of dazzling charm and versatility—but the company lacks a sense of unity, either in its productions or in its overall purpose. I admit to irresponsibility here, but I saw only two acts of the currently celebrated *Man and Superman*. Although I think the play is beginning to creak a bit in the joints, I am still sufficiently fond of it to have been annoyed by the APA production, for it was perversely miscast. Mr. Rabb

played John Tanner in a mode of high camp, converting Shaw's genial wit into mincing peevish and sulky humors, while Rosemary Harris, who would have been ideally cast as Ann Whitefield, was relegated to the role of Viola. This she proceeded to play with such elegance and esprit that Nan Marchand, playing Ann, seemed leaden by comparison—and the production was thrown out of balance. Then, the staging was so gluey, and the settings so tacky, that I saw no alternative but to take up my coat at the first intermission, and depart.

I stayed through all of *War and Peace*, attracted by its flashy theatricality, but this ultimately proved a profitless evening too. The adaptation, first of all, would be more suitable for the movies than the stage, since it has an essentially cinematic structure, not to mention a certain Hollywood superficiality. The German adapters—Alfred Neumann, Erwin Piscator, and Guntram Prufer—have turned Tolstoy's well-fleshed novel into a skeleton scenario of low stories, battles, and death scenes, employing a garrulous narrator (in evening clothes) to introduce the characters, advance the plot, bridge time, analyze war strategy, and announce the Theme. This Theme is only occasionally Tolstoy's (the conflict between Chance and Will in the creation of history); most of the time, the authors are more interested in pushing their own rather gratuitous anti-war propaganda. I am inclined to doubt that there are still many theater audiences bristling with militancy, but if so, it is extremely doubtful that they will be converted to peaceful purposes by such crude exhortations and clumsy techniques.

If the theme of the play reminds one of agit-prop, so does the form—this is Epic theater without the epic talent of Brecht. Ellis Rabb, who directed, takes full advantage of the play's visual opportunities, staging it on levels, through scrims, and inside picture frames, while maneuvering toy soldiers around a miniature battlefield which smokes with exploding cannon and burning bridges. Unfortunately, the entire action is drenched in a constant spray of background music. This proved a mistake for three reasons: 1) the music is often inappropriate, 2) it is badly amplified, and 3) it tempts the

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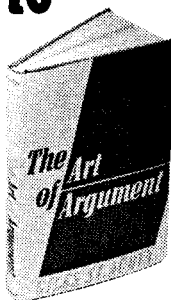
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spectator to listen to the tunes instead of attending to the play. This, at least, was my temptation, particularly because the musical performers seemed better trained than the theatrical ones. Rosemary Harris, ravishing in an Empire style, gives a charming performance as Natasha, and Keene Curtis is strong and masterful as Napoleon; but the rest of the acting tends to be rather routine, and many of the more intimate scenes are stagey. In short, this is a worthy production in its externals—including a striking setting by Peter Wexler and handsome period costumes by Nancy Potts—but whenever this company gets down to essentials, it is without real cohesiveness, authenticity, or depth.

The majority of the actors appearing in *Tartuffe* have been imported especially for that production. But since they have often worked together before—and since they are seasoned classical performers—this pickup cast is far superior to any previously seen at Lincoln Center. This sounds like a grudging compliment, so let me strike the comparison—it is a brilliant company by any standard, and a tribute to the regional and off-Broadway theaters where most of these actors developed. By using his own people instead of those recruited for Lincoln Center by Kazan and Whitehead, William Ball has shown New York that the great drama of the past is not at all beyond the reach of American performers, provided they can be guided by a capable directorial hand, and are prepared for the classics by education, commitment, and training. He has shown us, in brief, what the Repertory Theater might have been had it not betrayed its own dreams.

This production of *Tartuffe* is, without question, the most exciting work yet seen at Lincoln Center—if not a total triumph, then, at least, a qualified one. The direction, to be sure, is just a little flossy in that Ball's numerous interpolations tend to be sometimes distracting and sometimes irrelevant. Then, a few of the actors left over from Kazan's original company are rather stiff and awkward in lesser roles; the setting may be too substantial for such a stylized mode of performance; and I am not certain that the second half of the production lives up to the extraor-

dinary promise of the first. Still, there is an irresistible quality about this *Tartuffe* which makes me disinclined to quibble with it. It makes for an extremely happy evening, bubbling with high spirits, and running over with creative joy.

Let me try to list some excellences, starting with the translation. Richard Wilbur's rendering of *Tartuffe*—like Robert Lowell's adaptation of *Phèdre*—is an artwork in itself: crisp, idiomatic, fresh, and funny, a rhyming play to which the untrained American ear can adapt almost instantly and without strain. Then there is the acting. Almost all of it is strongly defined, from Claude Woolman's stalwart *raisonneur* to Hal Holbrook's delightfully evil Bailiff, but three performances deserve particular praise: Sada Thompson's saucy, bustling, raucous Dorine, bursting with good health; Larry Gates's gullible, splenetic, semi-hypnotized Orgon (a real breakthrough for an actor hitherto mired in dreary roles); and, best of all, the splendid *Tartuffe* of Michael O'Sullivan.

O'Sullivan's performance is audacious in the extreme; it is chimerical; it is almost surreal. Flailing his spindly arms and flapping his rubbery legs like a scarecrow in a high wind, he scowls, squints, pouts, and leers with lightning adjustments of his horse-like countenance, snarling and gnashing his huge teeth near a beautiful bosom as if he were about to make a meal of it. O'Sullivan doesn't so much represent the character as transform it into a fantastic dream. Always preserving the mask of the clown, he heightens the comic possibilities of the role by distorting and exaggerating its serious values: whether pious or lecherous, animalistic, menacing, or wheedling, his *Tartuffe* remains firmly tied to an ecstatic world of fun. This is not exactly the intention of Molière, who saw this hypocritical impostor as an extremist threatening an essentially moderate society, but it is a pleasure, nevertheless, to watch such an imaginative actor at work, and the way he uses a

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Alexander Welsh is on the English Faculty at Yale. Joseph Epstein, formerly an editor of *The New Leader*, is now a free-lance writer.

Correspondence

The Snoops

Sirs:

I have not for years read anything quite as disturbing, in its way, as James Ridgeway's "The Snoops" (December 19). It is not easy to say in a few words why the kind of screening it reports of candidates for federal employment is so degrading to the government, to the persons involved, and to the nation itself. I could say that no self-respecting person would submit himself to the violations of his most intimate privacy that it represents, so that self-respecting persons are bound to be excluded from government by it – but this would not be quite so. I can imagine that the young, especially, might feel that whatever the government saw fit to do must be right, even though it violated their own sound instincts. If a recruiting officer asked them to strip they might do so out of sheer innocence, supposing that he would not ask them to do it if it were not the proper thing to do.

We accept the fact that a physician must occasionally inquire into the most intimate private concerns of his patients, and may examine them naked; but the physician belongs to a profession with its own code and moral discipline – not altogether unlike that of a priest who hears confession. He has had to undergo many years of preparation and training, including the attainment of such maturity as goes with a high educational level.

It is not tolerable, however, that government recruiting personnel should have the same privileges of inquiry and intimate examination, and it is not tolerable that the nakedness of those whom they examine should then be made of permanent record in government files, available to every agency and its administrative personnel. Self-respecting persons ought not to submit themselves to this, and would not if they were sufficiently mature . . . to trust their own judgment.

Those who do submit are bound to have their self-respect eroded in some degree by so doing, and throughout their careers the knowledge that the bureaucracy has a picture of them in

stoup of holy water – blessing with it, throwing it at enemies, simulating tears with it, or merely washing his face – is a lesson in stage business alone. This is a magnificent farce performance, which proceeds along a plane of inspiration very rare in our theater.

The production, too, is consistently ingenious, and – except for occasional, and inexplicable, dark patches throughout – consistently sunny and sprightly. Locating the play in the period it was written (the characters – and especially Orgon, who looks like Dumas' Aramis – would be very much at home in a farce version of *The Three Musketeers*), Ball has directed the action as if the floor were tilted, with the actors rolling from one side to the other. The stage is in constant motion, and alive with perpetual invention: this is an evening dedicated wholly to delight. But the greatest delight lies in the sense of possibility the production awakens for the health of the theater, and of those who work in it. It is by abandoning themselves entirely to such collaborative imaginative acts that performers redeem their profession from all its vices – the exhibitionism and vulgarity, the pretentiousness, tawdry glamor, and self-indulgence – and revive our flagging expectations of the histrionic art.

Note: Something calling itself Robert Lowell's *The Old Glory* was recently revived at the Theatre de Lys. Actually, the program consists only of *Benito Cereno*, a play so crippled by prosaic replacements, deteriorated performances, and artless redirection that its atmospheric, poetic tensions have all but vanished. A dead hand has fallen so lumpishly on Jonathan Miller's delicate directorial work that whoever did it should be indicted for vandalism; at all events, the original production has been badly defaced. I advise any interested theatergoer to proceed at his own risk.

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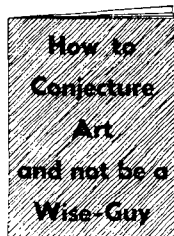
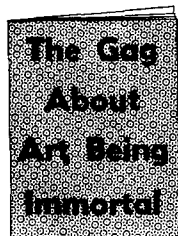
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their nakedness, so to speak, may put them in a weak position. It is, I believe, established in our legal system that, if the police submit a suspect to interrogation while he is not fully dressed, the results of that interrogation may not be used against him. This is because a man can hardly defend himself properly and conduct himself as he should when he has been stripped of what at least symbolizes his human dignity.

Similarly, if government employment is to be the honorable vocation of honorable men it must not be begun by making a record, for the files, of matters that belong to their most intimate privacy. One has to treat men and women as creatures who represent dignity (even though, in fact, none of them represent it fully) if they are to conduct themselves worthily.

The obvious response to all this is to point to the requirements of security. But anyone who has served even at the highest levels of government (if only as a fly on the wall in the chambers of the great) knows how much these requirements are exaggerated by those whose only business is to meet them. The government secrets possessed by all but a handful of government employees would hardly justify a Communist spy in going a block out of his way. There are, moreover, acceptable procedures by which the security forces of government can control these matters, relatively if not absolutely. Finally, a degree of risk is warranted as the price of preserving the government service from a degradation that, in itself, would have the most radical implications for national security.

If anyone proposed that the members of the Senate be screened by such tests as Mr. Ridgeway describes, most senators would quite rightly reply that the proposal was an offense against the dignity of the Senate. There is also the dignity of government as a whole to cherish.

I submit that anyone who delved deeply enough into the lives of great statesmen and government servants in the past would find that a substantial proportion of them would have been excluded from government employment by these tests. The myth of Original Sin represents a fundamental truth about all mankind without exception, but the security-specialists who devise

the security-procedures are unlikely to have the wisdom needed to understand this. The men at the top of the government must, therefore, see to it that they are not given a free hand.

What is particularly depressing about Mr. Ridgeway's report is the evidence that procedures devised during a period of national aberration have become permanently established and accepted. This is what Stalin did to us, and history may yet record that it was his greatest triumph.

Louis J. Halle
Geneva, Switzerland

Eisenhower

Sirs:

Mr. Kempton's article (December 19) is so disrespectful of General Eisenhower that protest has become mandatory. General Eisenhower was a President of honesty, integrity, and sincerity. He was also a Commander of brilliance and forcefulness. To suggest that he has become a mere pawn in the lesser hands of Scranton and Nixon, a prisoner of Goldwater, or an artful pretender to trophydom - or to equate him to a Mississippi jury represents to this reader the lowest form of ugly, squalid journalism. . . .

Harry R. McKinley
Southampton, Mass.

Vietnam Hawks and Doves

Sirs:

"Vietnam Hawks and Doves" (January 16) was well up to Bernard Fall's usual incisive and hard-hitting par. He might have mentioned, however, that the coin of "enormous cadre drain" has another side. With fewer majors, captains, lieutenants and master sergeants who've seen action in Korea, not to speak of WW II, most of this cadre don't become *combat* leaders until they've been in Vietnam. As symbolized by the very unpleasant phrase "it's the only war we have. . . ." Vietnam provides this bloodying, as well as opportunity to test weapons and equipment under live conditions. Let us hope that the similarity with the Spanish Civil War will stop there.

T. O. Schlesinger
Hyattsville, Md.

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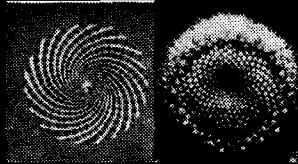
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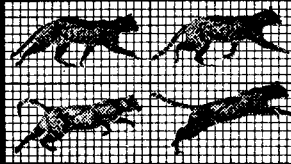
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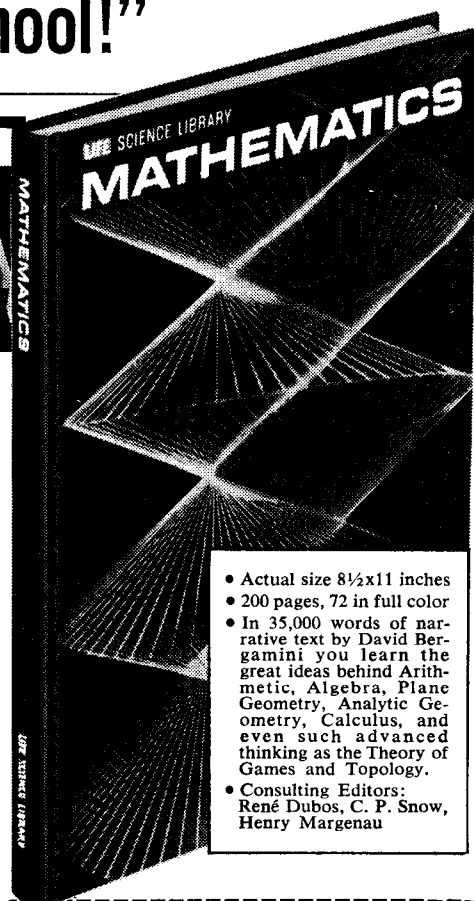
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